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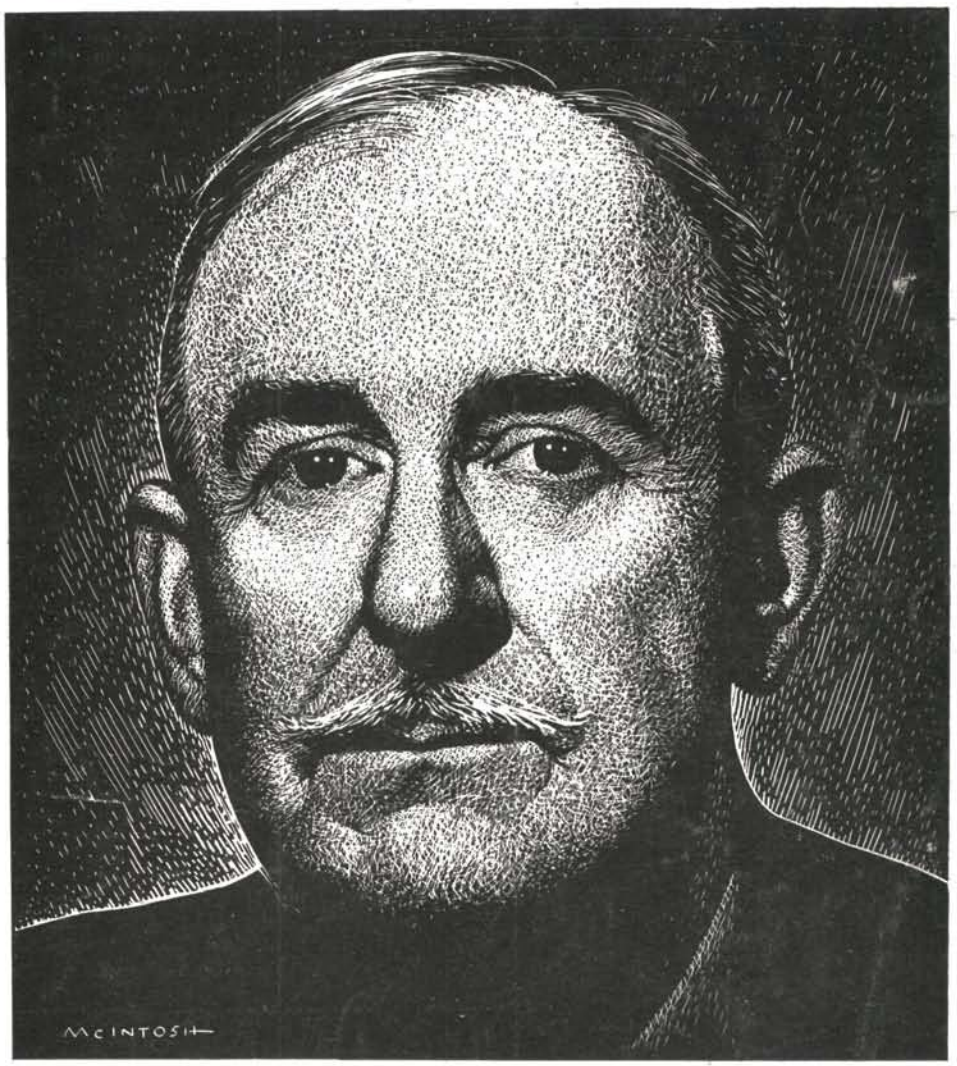

Howard W. Odum, author of "Understanding Society." *(See page 12)*

Calliope and the Critics

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

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December 27, 1947

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Arthur Bodenheimer, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 52, December 27, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

DO YOU REMEMBER the story I told last year about the elephant who liked Marshall Field's book department so much he flatly refused to leave? "A fabrication," asserted some readers. "Press agent stunt by Publishers Rand McNally," sneered envious competitors. "I never cried, 'Whoa, bossie'," protested Fred Babcock weakly, although a dozen reliable witnesses, including the elephant, distinctly heard him.

Well, Rose Oller Harbaugh, who thought of the stunt in the first place, has immortalized the incident in juvenile book form. "Eddie Elephant Has a Party" is the title, one dollar is the price, and the rollicking text is enhanced with just-right illustrations by Susanne Suba. For Rose the book will serve a double purpose. Not only will the royalties roll in for years, but forevermore. When disgruntled authors complain that their books are not displayed prominently enough on the Marshall Field counters, she can sigh prettily, and say, "I know. It's terrible. You ought to see how that fool department head murdered *my* book. . . ."

WITHIN THE PAST ten years, many American magazines blossomed forth with foreign editions. According to the *Wall Street Journal,* however, every one of them is operating under a heavy deficit today. Additional headaches: New Zealand has proscribed further subscriptions entirely; *Life* is barred from the newsstands of Australia; nine out of ten issues of *Time* are confiscated by one supersensitive dictator or another; in Tokyo, *The Reader's Digest,* of all things, found its Japanese-language edition being used for tie-in sales with the Red-hot Moscow propaganda organ *Soviet Culture*! A *Digest* editor exploded, "You can bet we put a quick stop to that." O. K.: we'll bet! . . . *Tide* has flushed a flap-happy publisher's publicity man who is raving about that great new advertising play "Medea." . . . Lillian Schary Small, engrossed in a semi-humorous book about the trials and tribulations of an interior decorator, has been deluged by title suggestions from supposedly well-meaning friends. Samples: "Forever Damask" (Abel Green's); "You Too Can Be an Antique" (George Raft's); "Decorated but Not Red" (Dore Schary's); "How Green Was My Sofa" (Paul Small's); "Look, Ma, I'm Decorating" (Mildred Fenton's). The publisher inclines to "Keep Your Chintz Up." Mrs. Small states firmly, "The title will be 'Everybody Decorates'—and I wish my friends were half as funny as they think they are." . . .

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR a forthcoming autobiog by a famous governor: "I'd Rather Be President." . . . Ad-man Alan Green claims that when he graduated from college he was voted "the personality most likely to split." . . . Forthcoming BOMC selections: Carl Van Doren's "The Great Rehearsal"; Thornton Wilder's "The Ides of March"; George Stewart's "Fire." . . . Coming up from the Literary Guild: F. van Wyck Mason's "Eagle in the Sky" for February; Martin Boyd's "Lucinda Brayford" for March. . . . Two dark horses for January that you will be hearing plenty about: "Eagle at My Eyes," by Norman Katkov, and "Other Voices, Other Rooms," by Truman Capote. . . . Three well-traveled Dartmouth Casanovas, William B. Jones, Donald E. Mose, and Richard H. O'Riley, have compiled a guide to twelve women's colleges. It is called "For Men Lonely," and can be obtained for a dollar a copy from the Ripley Publishing Company, Hanover, N. H. They didn't have books like that when my generation went a-week-ending at Poughkeepsie or Northampton. We had to feel our way! . . .

I FOUND MYSELF back on the Smith College campus a few weeks ago, bent on visiting Marion Dodd and her flourishing Hampshire Bookshop. The already high-powered staff has been augmented by two sparkling refugees from Macmillan, Cynthia Walsh and Frances Newbury, and Miss Dodd now has a little extra time for her publishing and editing activities. The Bookshop plans an Emily Dickinson Year Book for 1948, also a new one-volume edition of Richard Hatch's "The Curious Lobster" and "The Curious Lobster's Island." Dick Hatch is back from long service in the Navy to resume as head of the English Department of Deerfield Academy some twenty miles from Northampton, and an evening in his company convinced me for good that Deerfield is where I want my son Christopher to go when he is old enough. . . . "The Trollope Reader," edited by Marion Dodd and Esther Dunn (Oxford University Press), is a perfect introduction to an author whose works are selling better today than they have for a

"Now we relax, Mrs. Gloober, close our eyes and imagine we're a tiny robin spreading its wings for the first flight from the nest."

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generation. The tireless spade-work of Gertrude Stein and A. Edward Newton is paying dividends! Especially recommended in the "Reader" are Mr. Trollope's observations on marriage, art, and literature, and various cities in the United States. . . .

THE CHRISTOPHERS — a non-profit movement which aims to "bring Christian principles back to the marketplace," is offering $30,000 in book awards and $10,000 in drama awards —and qualifies for Ripley's "Believe It or Not" Department by adding specifically, "No strings attached!" The contest prizes are outright gifts, with all rights remaining in the hands of the winning authors. The books can be fiction or non-fiction; first prize is $15,000, second $10,000, third $5,000. Judges will be Myles Connolly, John S. Kennedy, Clare Boothe Luce, Fulton Oursler, and Mary O'Hara. The prize-winning play award is $5,000, second prize is $3,000, and third $2,000. Play judges will be Katharine Cornell, Eddie Dowling, Oscar Hammerstein II, Leo McCarey, and Jo Mielziner. The single stipulation in both contests is that entries be "in accord with Christian principles instead of against them." The Christophers do not guarantee publication of the books or production of the plays, but, judging by the interest already aroused, the winners will have little to worry about on that score. Contests run to November 15, 1948, and, if you want full details and regulations, write to the Christophers, 121 E. 39th Street, New York 16. . . .

DEVOTEES of fine typography will be happy to know that *The Colophon*, a book collectors' quarterly, has been revived, under the editorship of John T. Winterich, Frederick B. Adams, Jr., and the one and only Elmer Adler. Write to Duschnes Crawford, 66 East 56th Street, New York 22, for details. . . . At a banquet recently, Marshall Field was introduced as "the second most famous haberdasher in the United States." . . . Monty Woolley, finding himself seated between Jo Davidson and Rex Stout, recalled that his debut in pictures was made with two other bearded men in "Nothing Sacred." The director couldn't be bothered with memorizing their names, and called them simply "Beard Number One," "Beard Number Two," and "Beard Number Three." Woolley was "Number Two." His part consisted of four lines which were cut to one in rehearsal. That one was taken away just before the camera started grinding, leaving him with a bow to execute, and about ten feet of film in which to do it. When the picture was revived on Eighth Street this fall, the marquee read, "Monty Woolley and Carole Lombard in 'Nothing Sacred'." . . . Woolley gives a delightful performance in Goldwyn's new hit, "The Bishop's Wife."...

WARNER OLIVIER tells a story of the days when a high-pressure mail-order expert was hired to boom sales of the Encyclopedia Britannica. The name of an untutored planter deep in the native bush of Australia turned up unaccountably on one of the mailing lists, and in due course he received a series of the mail-order demon's dynamic bulletins. The last of them warned him sternly that his set in Sydney would be reserved for him only two days more. After that, as far as the Encyclopedia Britannica was concerned, he was strictly a dead duck. The planter, seized with panic, drove forty-eight hours without rest to get his prize before it was too late. "Where is it?" he demanded hoarsely of the agent in Sydney. When the agent pointed to the set on the table, the planter stared incredulously, and then groaned in dismay, "My God! They're *books!*"

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Heureuse Année

At this Division Point where all now turns when, we would like to wish you a very happy New Year. Reviewing the past and thinking of the future, we commend to you our current ware and predict that Holt books carrying a 1948 copyright will reward your attention as well.

Last year, a little before Christmas, we published a tall, wide, handsome book by E. E. Cummings — a morality play called SANTA CLAUS. Mr. Cummings' world, in which there is nothing false or possible, was close to us then. If it seems even closer now, it may be because many of us are thinking about the future even more realistically. Beyond its lucid beauty, Mr. Cummings' *Morality* has a below-the-surface optimism that is especially utilitarian in times like these. We wish we had space to reprint the entire play. Lacking it, here is a portion, in toast to the New Year.

Child. Hello.

Santa Claus. — Well hello!

Child. You remember me?

Santa Claus. Of course I do.

Child. You're different, aren't you?

Santa Claus. Yes;
I am.

Child. Much thinner.

Santa Claus. Do you like me this way?

Child. I guess . . . I like you any way — if you're you.

Santa Claus. I guess that makes me very happy.

Child. But I guess . . .

Santa Claus. What do you guess?

Child. You could be happier,
couldn't you?

Santa Claus. Perhaps I could.

Child. — Because you're looking
for somebody?

Santa Claus. I am.

Child. And I'm looking for somebody, too.

Santa Claus. Somebody very beautiful?

Child. O, yes;
she's very beautiful. And very sad.

Santa Claus. Very beautiful and very sad.
Tell me: is she sad because she lost you?

Child. Because we lost each other — and somebody else.
(Confused voices, far offstage)
Goodbye —

Santa Claus. Why are you going?

Child. Don't be afraid:
we'll find her.

Santa Claus. I should never be afraid
of anything in the sky and on the earth
and anywhere and everywhere and nowhere,
if I were only sure of one thing.

Child. What?

Santa Claus. Who was that somebody else?

Child. That somebody
we lost?

Santa Claus. Yes.

Child. Can't you guess who?

Santa Claus. Can I?

Child. You.
(She dances away)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Calliope and the Critics

LOUIS BROMFIELD

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Louis Bromfield's "A Case of Literary Sickness"* [SRL *Sept. 13*] *began* SRL*'s survey of the literary scene, continued in subsequent articles by Conrad Aiken* [*Sept. 20*], *Margaret Halsey* [*Oct. 18*], *and the anonymous author of "Tripe, Inc."* [*Nov. 22*]. *The last gave us a case history of a writer for the slicks. In varying intensity all these articles have revealed a deep anxiety over the commercialization of writing in this country. Mr. Bromfield now widens his sweep to include reviewers and publishers.*

IF AMERICAN writing is sick, American reviewing and "criticism" are much sicker. I am old enough to have lived through two renascent periods of American literature and old enough to have taken part in one and to have observed it at close range. As a professional writer and something of a craftsman, I have, like Somerset Maugham and Edith Wharton, always had a great interest in the psychological and subconscious processes by which a writer produces his books, his stories, his essays, and his articles. In this I think the three of us have been exceptions since most writers are essentially emotional, instinctive, and non-critical toward their own work and secretly or openly hostile and adversely critical to the work of all other creative writers. They are essentially prima donnas ranking only behind musicians and actors in this category. I think it fair to say that few of them understand *how* they turn the trick.

In order to produce either good creative writing or good reviewing, or both, there must be both vitality and enthusiasm, not only the vitality and enthusiasm of the individual creator or reviewer but a kind of mass vitality and enthusiasm in the reading public as well. And, as I pointed out in an earlier article, the times themselves must be opulent, fairly serene, and with enough leisure, physical and intellectual, to permit the public to take an interest in the arts and *enjoy* them. None of these conditions appears to exist either with or for creative writers or reviewers. The result is creative writing without real fire, which is repetitive, sensational, or mere tract writing, and a level of reviewing which has the aroma of a child's homework and of drudgery, as if the reviewer, with distracted mind, always had an eye on the events, far more exciting and stimulating than existing fiction, which appear daily in the columns of our newspapers.

There is paradox in the fact that, while our creative writers have never held so honored and respected a position in our national history, the enthusiasm and vitality which should infuse good writing, as well as good reading, have rarely been lower. The prestige of the writer in this day of autograph madness has probably arisen from a great many sources, almost wholly unrelated to virtue, quality, genius, or even the writer's influence upon his times. It has arisen largely through publicity by way of Hollywood, lecture tours, and the radio, through recognition of the fact that most successful writers make a great deal more money than do most industrial and business executives.

The mere fact that in recent years writers and sometimes publishing houses have engaged the services of public relations or advertising firms to promote new writers and their works or rehabilitate old and tired ones, has an almost sinister significance. It would indicate that, along with the book clubs, writing, and especially successful writing, in the United States is no longer what might be called, even mildly, an art but has become big business. It is doubly significant that this situation is accepted as a fact by the "average" public. The number of really good and modest books which have become swamped and lost in the uproar of "literary" publicity and ballyhoo over one or two sensational best sellers is a shocking commentary on the times. Individual tastes and curiosity in the reader, even the development of individual tastes and culture itself, become largely lost and atrophied. Broadly speaking, a good first novel, unless it is accompanied by enough drum beating to drown out the ballyhoo of Hollywood, book clubs, and advertising-publicity campaigns, has little chance of being noticed. In these times the only "discoveries" among writers come with the accompaniment of a steam calliope. Any less blatant instrument could not be heard. This, in itself, is hard on the young writer and no great encouragement to the development of young talent.

Reviewers and book-page and book-review editors appear to fall in line with the parade. The ballyhooed book is given the prominent place and the greatest space, even though the reviewer may not think much of it. The implication is that, no matter how mediocre or downright bad a novel may be, it is *the* important book of the week or the month, as if tremendous publicity and advertising had given it more special value, not as literature, but as news. It is small wonder that talented new writers like

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My Current Reading

Wendy Hiller, British actress now playing in New York City with Basil Rathbone, in "The Heiress," submits this week a list of her current reading, which includes the Henry James novel upon which the play is based. A conscientious reader, Miss Hiller tells us that the last two titles on her list are waiting "to be read." Miss Hiller is also widely known for her acting in the British film now being shown in this country, "I Know Where I'm Going":

ALMAYER'S FOLLY, *by Joseph Conrad (Penguin Books)*

WASHINGTON SQUARE, *by Henry James*

KINGSBLOOD ROYAL, *by Sinclair Lewis (Random House)*

ANN VERONICA, *by H. G. Wells (1909)*

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, *by Jane Austen*

THE HAPPY PRISONER, *by Monica Dickens (Lippincott)*

SELECTED POEMS OF ROBERT BRIDGES *(Sesame Books, London, 1941)*

JOHN BROWN'S BODY, *by Stephen Vincent Benét (Doubleday, Doran)*

GREAT MORNING!, *by Sir Osbert Sitwell (Little, Brown)*

INSIDE U.S.A., *by John Gunther (Harper)*

Charles Jackson and Frederic Wakeman and talented older writers like Sinclair Lewis strain themselves to pile sensation upon sensation in order to capture the "controversial" and "news" interest. The eventual strain and effort resolve themselves into something resembling the words of Miss Ethel Merman's song, "I can sing higher than you can sing!"

Somewhere amid all the noise, the art and even the craftsmanship of writing are somehow completely obscured along with a great many good and unheralded novels, which somehow didn't make a sensation and so were overlooked.

I have been reading some of the ballyhooed novels lately and most of them are appallingly bad. They do not even have a cynical skill and craftsmanship. I cannot see how, without sensation and four-letter words and scabrous episodes, they could hold the attention even of the average uncritical reader. Yet while I have been reading them, there echoes in my memory the words "great" and "tremendous" and "modern classic" and what-not which I have read in the reviews, and with less surprise in publisher's paid advertisements. I can't help believing that somehow, in all our workshop of bigness, number of copies sold and price paid by Hollywood, etc., we have all gotten off the beam and lost all sense of the literary values which are real and reasonably definite.

It must never be overlooked that the majority of the great novelists of the world have been *popular* novelists in their own times, but neither should it be overlooked that they attained this popularity *directly* and from the reaction and approval and *free choice* of the reading public and not because of book clubs, of sensational full-page advertisements or announcements that "Minnie Oberholzer, the Saga of a Girl's Struggle Downward Toward Virtue" has been sold before publication to Super-Splendid pictures for $500,000.

On the public of the past, virtually none of these pressures existed. People awaited eagerly the new instalments of Dickens, Thackeray, and even the quiet, unsensational Trollope, not because their current works were ballyhooed by public relations firms and book clubs to the swamping of all other books, but because people liked them and believed in them and went out quietly and determinedly to buy them on their own merits. That condition existed until about 1930, a year which marked the beginning of selling books as one sold Campbell's soup or Rinso. The situation has become so overwhelming that very often the reader who has individual, cultivated tastes finds it difficult to discover the publication or whereabouts of the books which appeal to those special tastes.

Added to all this, of course, is the contemporary flood of memoirs and revelations of the super-melodramatic history of our times. Each new revelation published comes out with a glow of advertising Bengal lights and the whirling of publicity pinwheels which throw even the "revelations" published only the week before into shadow and obscurity. This, despite the fact that, as an editor friend of mine has observed, most of these "revelations" serve largely to prove the truth of the Confucian maxim that, "The higher the monkey climbs the more he shows his posterior!"

THIS atmopshere of ballyhoo and sensation, both in the exploitation of fiction and non-fiction, has, to put it mildly, the effect of throwing the reviewer into a position of complete obscurity and of no great value save as a reporter who rehashes the plot. It has, I think, dimmed his enthusiasm, his faith in his own value, and produced in him or her an unconscious sense of futility and inferiority. This is especially so when and if he pauses to observe and consider the difference between the $5 he receives for a review in contrast to the $500,000 paid for "Minnie Oberholzer" or some similar over-exploited parcel of three-times-warmed-over literary trash. Contemplation of the situation neither tends to tempt new and sound, critical talents into literary reviewing nor to keep alive the satisfaction and self-respect of the established reviewer. There is also evidence even in some of our best book-reviewing journals that although "social significance" has long gone out of fashion with the writer, it still has its place with the reviewer. This would tend to indicate that a good many reviewers are not quite up to date.

It is, beyond doubt, extremely difficult to produce penetrating and helpful criticism or reviewing in a time when there seems to be little reward or even justification for it. Good criticism, good reviewing is born of a time when there is interest and enthusiasm in and for good writing itself rather than for the price of a picture sale or the intimate details of a whoop-de-do best seller's private life. Certainly we are not living in a day when enthusiasm and understanding of good writing are living and influential factors in the literary picture. That mere fact lowers the standard of literary criticism and reviewing in two ways: (1) by inducing a sense of futility in the older reviewers, (2) by attracting to the profession, if it can be said to be attraction, only second- or third-rate talent or those who look upon reviewing as the general farmer's wife looks upon her egg money.

When I wrote that I had lived through two renascent periods in American literary history, I meant periods when the enthusiasm and interest of public writers and the reviewers were centered upon writing rather than upon writers or prices, when a new talent rather than a new personality was a source of excitement, as well as controversy, when

(*Continued on page* 26)

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The World. *For at least a decade Americans have been unable to plead lack of authoritative information as an excuse for ignorance of foreign affairs. Among recent works of an authoritative cast, we can cite Sumner Welles's American Foreign Policy Library, the Caribbean volume of which is reviewed below; the influential quarterly* Foreign Affairs, *which first published the "Mr. X" article, answered by Walter Lippmann in his recent "The Cold War"; the influence of Hamilton Fish Armstrong, editor of that periodical, who suggests in "The Calculated Risk" a way out of the veto impasse with Russia. . . . Another volume of the Foreign Policy Library, Vera Micheles Dean's book on Russia, is probably the soundest study of that difficult country published this year. And to supplement Hal Lehrman's "Russia's Europe," watch for Robert St. John's Yugoslavia study, "The Silent People Speak."*

Enlightened Unselfishness Down South

THE UNITED STATES AND THE CARIBBEAN. By Dexter Perkins. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1947. 253 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by REXFORD G. TUGWELL

DESCRIPTIVE literature concerning the Caribbean — especially social, political, and economic conditions—until just now so very thin, has suddenly been enriched. Paul Blanshard's book "Democracy and Empire in the Caribbean," which was reviewed in *SRL* September 6, was the first to appear. Now comes Dexter Perkins's "The United States and the Caribbean." Neither aspires to replace W. Adolphe Roberts's "The Caribbean," which is historical; both are, in fact, pretty strictly contemporary. They supplement each other rather nicely, however, because Mr. Blanshard is mostly concerned with insular foreign possessions and Mr. Perkins with independent nations.

This makes a kind of geographic division too; aside from Jamaica and the Bahamas, the possessions and territories begin at Puerto Rico just east of Santo Domingo and run down the great Antillean arc to Trinidad. This, so to speak, is Mr. Blanshard's country. From Venezuela, across the Gulf of Pavia from Trinidad, the whole circle — Colombia, Panama, and the Central Americas, together with the island republics, Cuba, Haiti, and Santo Domingo—is Mr. Perkins's country. Mr. Blanshard does deal with empire as his title suggests; and in the Caribbean, four are represented — the Netherlands, Britain, France, the United States. Mr. Perkins keeps to the independent republics except for a few observations.

Mr. Perkins, who has written a good deal before this on the Monroe Doctrine, and whose knowledge of the political relations between the United States and the smaller nations which circle the Caribbean is encyclopedic, dwells mostly on those relations in this book. He is critical wherever he needs to be; but the criticism is a gentle and inoffensive one. He does not like dictators, of whom there are always several in these lands; but he does not blame their people overmuch for supporting them. These folk are not Germans or Italians, he seems to say, who ought to have advanced beyond such abuses, but a recently mixed breed in difficult tropical circumstances who are just winning their way into industrial civilization. That they have been mercilessly exploited is true. But, if they have not had the cultural strength to establish and hold on to democratic institutions, it does not mean that they do not have the capability of doing that when certain adventitious disadvantages have been overcome. Once monoculture is abolished and industry begins to be of some importance, great changes will take place very rapidly.

It has to be remembered that we are only now conquering tropical diseases, and that we are just learning how to carry on tropical agriculture in anything but a lackadaisical manner, except on the great plantations of absentee corporations. As advances have been made, also, they have had less than the effect they should have had because of their corollary influence on the fertility rates — deaths were reduced faster than births, and much of the gain from public health measures and increased productivity has gone to filling immoderately multiplying stomachs.

When a normal and civilized relationship between resources and people is established, when capital has increased and gone to work, the natural advantages of year-round agriculture (although in some places the dry season amounts to a northern winter so far as crops are concerned) will make these Caribbean lands something very different from what they have been in the past. The climates, I am convinced, are only thought to be bad because of their age-long connection with fearsome diseases. This is not true everywhere, but it is certainly true of the uplands. The consequence of conquering disease may well be revolutionary.

Even in the past, Caribbean peoples

—From "Portrait of Latin America."

"Typical Street" in Panama, by Fernando Rafael Carcheri.

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have had certain virtues and strengths not always appreciated in the United States. Their love of liberty has always limited the regimes of dictators; they have had a rich, artistic, and cultural vein which the mixture of Indian, Negro, and Spanish has seemed to enhance rather than impoverish; and their resistance to adversity has made them strong in ways necessary to mastering their particular environment, once a few special disabilities are removed.

As to the responsibility of the United States, Mr. Perkins takes the view that these, our weaker neighbors, just by being our neighbors, commit us to the decencies of civilized intercourse. It is to our interest as well as theirs to be helpful rather than exploitative; but in any case we ought to do what we can as a matter of course. He says of us that we "have had our imperialistic moments." And that does not seem an overstatement when it is recalled what we were doing not so long ago in Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, Mexico, and other places. I do believe he is justified, however, in saying of us that "in the main [we] do not like, and sooner or later even react against, the coercion of other peoples." And it is this which usually saves us from the ultimate embarrassments of imperialism; not always, for we are not yet free of Philippine, much less Puerto Rican, entanglements; but almost always. Isolationism has at least this advantage.

A negative attitude is not enough whether it be merely the reaction against entanglements which isolationism usually is, or the more helpful one of resentment against those who push others around even when the pushers inhabit our own Wall Street. We need a positive policy. For that, the Good Neighbor doctrine, if pursued and developed, ought to suffice. But it needs implementation, not only in war, when we need allies on our flanks, but also in peace, when there are only the incentives of common kindness and fellow feeling to be relied on. Mr. Perkins is more optimistic than some of us in believing that the policy will be actively developed in the difficult years ahead. We may leave our southern neighbors alone; but also, we may not do much to help them. That this will be remembered if we need them again as allies can be set down as certain. But such considerations seem to be far ones for those intent on isolation and economy; they have a discouragingly low priority even now at this short remove from war. For positive cooperation, neglect will not prove to be an appreciated substitute. And that seems to be the way we are going.

Arena of Disillusion

RUSSIA'S EUROPE. By Hal Lehrman. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1947. 341 pp. $3.75.

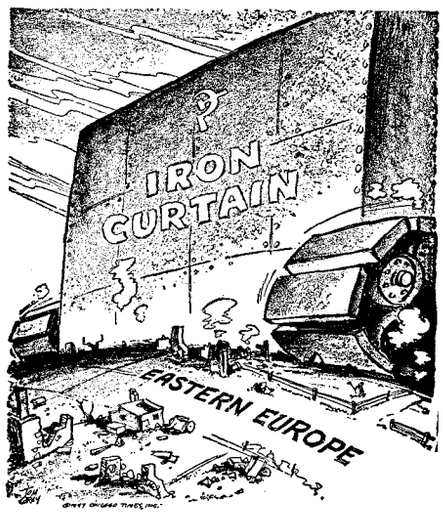
Reviewed by LELAND STOWE

"THIS is not the book I intended to write," begins Hal Lehrman. But the personal integrity behind this confession is precisely what makes his thoroughly-documented report from eastern Europe of double significance. It is a unique report in many ways; especially because the author, an unflinching liberal, was compelled to record a host of facts which he had desperately hoped might not exist.

For any liberal with eyes to see and a conscience to evaluate, the political battleground within the Prague-Bucharest-Athens triangle is probably the most bitterly disillusioning area in our post-war world. After one year of 1945-1946 observations in this area correspondent Lehrman was still wrestling with numerous grim truths and tattered fictions. "I needed to check and recheck," he writes. "I had to be absolutely sure. . . . So I doubled back . . . and made my tour all over again." Herein lies the exceptional value of his book. There is nothing in it which can either be safely ignored or rationalized out of existence. Its pages reveal both the contradictions and betrayals of Allied policies in Greece and of Soviet-Communist actions in the Danubian satellite countries. They also show "the impact of Soviet policy" on a by-no-means-average liberal.

Mr. Lehrman reports the silent battle of half a continent, plus the even more silent struggle of an honest mind. Although each commenced in Greece, where he found British policy "an abomination in the nostrils of freedom," they came to crisis after a first exposure to totalitarian repressions in Tito's Yugoslavia. By the time the author had discovered strikingly similar Soviet-Communist practices in Hungary he was no longer a correspondent of *PM*, but of London's liberal *News Chronicle*. As such he continued to study the blueprint of Communist conquest of political and economic power, in Rumania and Bulgaria and back around the heartbreaking Balkan circuit.

Mr. Lehrman was the first correspondent to receive Russian clearance into Hungary, and later into its neighboring satellites. Coming in the wake of the Red Army he witnessed the initial stages of Soviet-Communist controls. He was shocked, as other democratic liberals have since been shocked, to see former Nazis recruited



—*Tom Gray in* Chicago Times.
"Mechanized Peace."

by the Hungarian or Rumanian Communist Parties. He learned of the staggering collections made by the Soviets, either as reparations or as war booty (real or alleged), and running into such huge amounts as to cripple these small nations' economies for many years to come. Everything, he reports, was done "in the name of the masses"—but without consulting the masses.

Soviet economic penetration of the Danubian satellites, with its largely one-sided trade agreements and establishment of key monopolies through "fifty-fifty" companies, followed a curiously anti-Marxist pattern. Whether in Belgrade, Budapest, Bucharest, or Sofia, Communist minorities—in most cases extremely small, but dynamic and uncompromisingly aggressive—soon held complete control over the police and the governments. Despite the Yalta agreements, opposition parties were first hogtied, then smothered. Unlike many Rumanian and some Hungarian oppositionists the Bulgarian peasant and democratic leaders had been firmly democratic and staunchly anti-Nazi. That did not save Petkov or the Bulgarian coalition. Mr. Lehrman found it "increasingly plain that

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 717)

NORMAN COUSINS:
*OF MEN AND MICE**

Try to explain why America has not risen up in a vast and dramatic outpouring of mercy, opening up its hearts and its homes with a sense of dedication that at least proves we have not fatally segregated ourselves from greatness.

*Editorial in *Saturday Review of Literature*, October 18, 1947.

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the Communists wanted all the power."

This book might have been subtitled "The Re-education of an American Liberal." Correspondent Lehrman has the great merit of remaining, first and foremost, a reporter to the bitter end; and also of subordinating his personal disillusionment to a remarkable degree. That he could not succeed absolutely will be understood by any observer who, like myself, has spent some time up against the hard realities of post-war Eastern Europe. Having visited all but two of these same countries since 1944, and several of them last year, I can say that all of Mr. Lehrman's vital facts check with similar findings where they are within my range.

In two chapters on the case against the Russians and the case against Russia the author records his own conclusions. They command serious consideration, and for the most part it will be difficult for an informed person to disagree with them. This is equally true of Mr. Lehrman's analysis of America's immense democratic responsibilities in Greece. He remains, as throughout his book, a true liberal when he warns that "totalitarianism now hammers at the gates of freedom from all sides."

"Russia's Europe," while told in narrative form, is an authoritative, enlightening, and notably honest report. Without whitewash or emotionalism it contains a tremendous number of fundamental facts about Eastern Europe's "silent battleground." Anyone who has not been there since the war cannot hope to understand what next develops east and southeast of Vienna without first having read this unusual book. I have not seen a document on this subject to compare with it.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 236

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 236 will be found in the next issue.

JZV NYJ TI YVNPASW AK JT

KMAU LGPAHATGKQC.

—UZAQAU ZNRVYJTS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 235

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.
HENRY FIELDING.

The Omnipotent "Little Assembly"

Hamilton Fish Armstrong "makes no bones about the possible reaction of Moscow."

THE CALCULATED RISK. By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 68 pp. $1.50.

Reviewed by FOSTER RHEA DULLES

THIS little booklet, comprising two articles by Mr. Armstrong previously published in *The New York Times Magazine* and *Foreign Affairs*, has been hurriedly rushed through the presses to give greater currency to a very explicit idea for strengthening the United Nations. The first part of the book, it is true, is an eloquent and persuasive plea for wholehearted support of the European Recovery Program. Mr. Armstrong is insistent upon the vital necessity of United States aid "to help Europe live." But his important and significant contribution to the consideration of foreign affairs is a proposal that is already being called "the Armstrong Plan."

The members of the United Nations, Mr. Armstrong believes, should enter into a supplementary agreement, or protocol, definitely binding them "to carry out the Charter obligation to resist armed attack" if two-thirds of the signatories decided such action was necessary and the Security Council had failed to act. The obvious purpose of such an agreement would be to forestall the use of the veto power in the Security Council and free the United Nations, in the event of actual military aggression from any quarter, from possible paralysis through the obstructive attitude of Soviet Russia. Mr. Armstrong makes no bones about this latter point, and the possible reaction of Moscow to his plan—or what might be assumed to be its certain reaction—is "the calculated risk" to be considered.

The similarity between this proposal and the Geneva Protocol of 1924 providing for joint action against aggression on the part of members of the old League of Nations is obvious. Mr. Armstrong not only recognizes this but states emphatically that the failure to accept the Geneva Protocol was the turning point in the destinies of the League. He argues persuasively in the present instance that there is nothing contrary to either the spirit or the letter of the United Nations's Charter in such a supplementary accord, that it in effect carries but one step further the idea underlying formation of the "Little Assembly," and that it is the only practical way to circumvent the deadening effect of the veto power as it is now being used. While he does not claim that his plan is an answer to all the difficulties the United Nations faces, he does feel that it would help their solution.

As for Russia's attitude, Mr. Armstrong fully appreciates that the new protocol might still further deepen the suspicions of the Soviet Union in respect to American policy, but he thinks that such an admittedly unfortunate consequence would be more than offset by the advantages of his proposal. There would be a great gain, he asserts, in serving notice on Russian leaders "that the preponderant forces of the world are likely to be thrown instantly and decisively into the scale against aggression. . . ."

Several questions at once arise in regard to this proposal. Would the protocol in practice bind the signatory nations to collective action any more effectively than the Charter itself? Would it not under present circumstances be construed by other nations than the Soviet Union as little more than a disguised anti-Russian alliance and consequently serve to freeze still harder the division between East and West? Would the heightening of Russian distrust not make all the more difficult the settlement of the world's basic political and economic issues?

No one would question that Soviet Russia must somehow be convinced that no single nation can be allowed to block the world's desperate efforts to establish peace, but whether another alliance, even though it is set up within the framework of the United Nations, is a practical shortcut to this goal would appear to be highly dubious. Whatever one's opinion on Mr. Armstrong's plan, however, its presentation is a valuable contribution to current discussion on foreign policy. It should be seriously considered—with "the calculated risk" always clearly in mind.

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Ideas and Studies.

Publishers' lists this year have been bulging with books on psychology, psychiatry, and self-help. From popular guides such as "What Life Should Mean to You," by Alfred Adler, to technical studies like Harry Stack Sullivan's "Conceptions of Modern Psychiatry," most of these books are designed to satisfy the needs of a disturbed post-war generation. We review below a useful and typical example of a more popular book of this type. . . . From the study of personality, the study of self, to sociology, the study of groups, is a short step. But this year has yielded few books in this vital field. We are glad therefore to present a review of Howard W. Odum's useful one-volume study of sociology, "Understanding Society." We recommend a comparison with Sorokin's very different survey in the same field, "Society, Culture, and Personality."

Sociology Synthesized

UNDERSTANDING SOCIETY: The Principles of Dynamic Sociology. By Howard W. Odum. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 749 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

OCCASIONALLY an individual transcends his functions. His person, his task, and his place become somehow fused until at last he becomes an institution. This is true of Howard Odum. For more than a quarter century he has served as symbol for sociology at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where he is a university professor. In all the Southern states, where he has so tenaciously labored on behalf of improved relations between Negro and white citizens he prefigures the new intellectual who, with science in one hand and humane hope in the other, gives promise of a new Southern culture.

Howard Odum is a regional man. His life and thought and work are identified with a particular area and its people. In North Carolina, the Tar-Heel State, it would probably be said of him, "He sure has tar on his heels." He administers one of the most active sociology departments in the nation, operates a farm, and writes Negro folk tales with genuine feeling and insight.

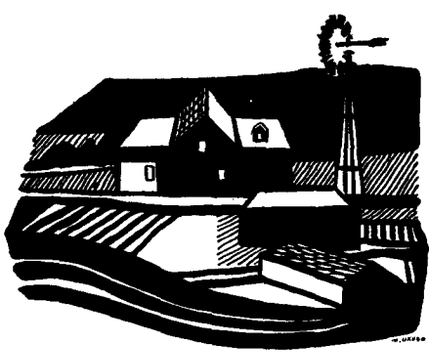
This book (and he has written many, including last spring's "The Way of the South") is a text written in language which approaches the colloquial. He has not attempted what so many professors vainly strive for, namely, a book which is presumed to meet the requirements of both the scholar and the so-called general reader. "Understanding Society" is candidly a text book in the best American manner, furnished with assignments, readings, and workshop exercises. He has written not in a retrospective mood but rather with futuristic urgency.

> The voice of the people [he asserts] seems to echo the verdict of their leaders that unless we can provide a science of human relations to match the science and technology of the material world, society is faced with disaster or even destruction.

In this current volume he has built into a single structure a synthesis of his life's work as a theoretical and practical sociologist. His appeal is to students who will be the future practitioners of the new science of human relations.

Odum's concept of society is not some vague and mystical entity for which an abstruse definition is required. He speaks of specific societies, plural groupings of human beings who may be delegates to the United Nations or inhabitants of a rural village; citizens of New York or tenant farmers of his own South; residents of Back Bay or a Negro folk community; Harvard University or Mexican Indians; Western Civilization or the frontier society of the United States: These are all societies, associations within which the complex and subtle features of human relations are made manifest.

How are these multifarious groupings of mankind, these variable societies, to be studied? What light is sociology capable of shedding upon these intricate interrelations which are so fateful for human survival and happiness? Odum's answer is clear and methodical. He insists that societies may be understood and hence lend themselves to more rational control if inquiries are conducted which will reveal their relation to nature, to habitat; their cultural products; their civilizations or means of adaptation to environment through the use of science and technology; the people who compose them, and finally the problems and difficulties which they precipitate for themselves and others. For these purposes we stand in need of certain instruments ranging from social hypotheses to social research and demonstration. If these implements are properly utilized, we shall at last be capable of announcing and applying "the principles of dynamic sociology," a phrase which he uses as his subtitle.



Happily, Professor Odum does not leave the reader with this proposition unsupported. The bulk of his text is devoted to concrete illustrations showing how such understanding is to be acquired. In presenting his outline for the study of society he appears to anticipate a reanimation of the social sciences, since he believes that "now perhaps for the first time, there is approximate unanimity among all scientists that the science of human relations must have new precedence." I wish I might share this belief, but when I recall that last year when a national research foundation subsidized by the Federal Government was proposed and the social sciences were wilfully omitted, my optimism falls to a lower plane.

Sociologists are in the habit of inventing new and often awkward words. Professor Odum is not exempt. His contribution to the amazing lingo of sociology is the word "technicways," which are

> habits of the individual and the customs of the group arising specifically as to time and occasion to meet the survival needs of a modern technological world. . . . Folkways are customs and habits which grow up naturally to meet needs, and they ripen through sanction and time into mores. Not so the technicways, which arise from the pressure of technological procedures and force individual and group to conform to their patterns, regardless of empirical considerations or of mass sanction.

In other words, whenever our adjustments are responses to technology we acquire technicways. Thus modern fashions, in so far as these are induced by the technique of advertising, belong to technicways. Likewise, moviegoing, birth control, and decentrali-

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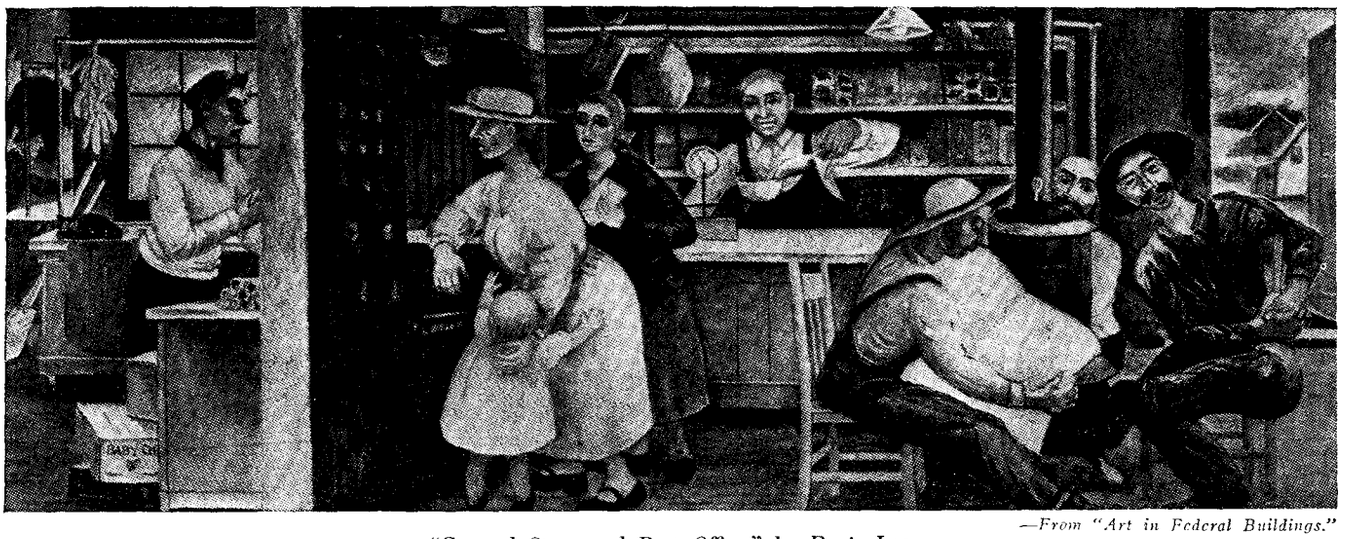

—From "Art in Federal Buildings."

"General Store and Post Office," by Doris Lee.

zation of industry in response to the atomic bomb are all examples of technicways which represent ways of behavior which contradict the folkways. As technology increases in scope the technicways supplant other means of social change, with the obvious consequence that cultural lag is widened and deepened.

"Understanding Society" is especially helpful by reason of its inclusion of the regional concept. It must have become clear to most thoughtful persons that natural regions, and especially river valleys, constitute feasible units for social and economic planning. Professor Odum provides admirable reasons for this conviction, and this was to be expected since he is perhaps the foremost of our regional sociologists. His enthusiasm in this connection is, indeed, contagious, as for example when he insists that "the region provides the perfect laboratory for social research and planning. To this end, the regional approach affords the best opportunity for the cooperation and coordination of all the social and natural sciences attacking a problem." I wish he had considered social planning as one of his major categories and had then combined these two notions, since it is apparent that social scientists in the United States have been singularly unproductive in furnishing good teaching material in this sphere. It seems to me logical to include in contemporary sociology a sequence which begins with technology as the great disturber, which inevitably destroys all natural or automatic controls and therefore makes planning an imperative (Odum's technicways), and ends with a rational orientation for planning under a democracy.

But I am already beginning to edit rather than review Professor Odum's book and this is not my proper role. "Understanding Society" is a comprehensive and inclusive text and from my viewpoint exhibits but one important weakness: its treatment of social theory falls considerably below the standard set by other sections. Social theory seems to be almost an appendage to the book as a whole and is accorded hurried and synoptic treatment. This seems to me unfortunate because it is my belief that social scientists who are not also sound theorists will never be capable of formulating or utilizing workable principles for a dynamic sociology. In fact, they will not even be able to produce relevant units of research. A chemist or a physicist may be able to operate successfully without philosophical accompaniments, but when a social scientist attempts to do so his work loses its dynamic content. In order to become effective the social sciences must serve as a bridge between the physical and biological sciences on the one hand and the humanities on the other, and I include philosophy as a humanistic study. And now I know it is time to bring this review to an abrupt end because I have begun to use Professor Odum's book as a step from which to mount my hobbyhorse. I cannot, however, leave Professor Odum without one last friendly word. In the eighteenth century in the city of Brussels there stood a printshop managed by one Jean Lèonard. He had chosen as his motto, a custom of the time, these words: *Studio et Labore*. This motto suits Howard Odum. Through study and application and labor he has made for himself a revered place in the region where he has chosen to live and work, and in this manner he has become a national figure.

Eduard C. Lindeman is a professor of social philosophy at the New York School of Social Work, Columbia University.

Man's Basic Needs

PSYCHOLOGY IN LIVING. By Wendell White. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1947. 393 *pp.* $2.95.

Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

HERE is another book of the popular, practical type dealing with everyday psychology—the psychology, in the present case, of living effectively and satisfactorily with people, including oneself. It is a cross between a treatise and a "how to" book. The marriage, based on the principle that scientific knowledge of behavior is useful in living a life, seems to this examiner of the product to have been eugenically successful.

In physical makeup, too, this is really two books in one. The first part is called "Psychology in Human Relationships" and the second, "Psychology in the Achievement of Mental Health." But the underlying theme of both divisions of the subject matter is the fulfilment of man's basic needs, which are listed as follows:

> (a) A sense of personal worth—the deep-seated desire to feel that we amount to something among our fellows; (b) an interesting life—experiences varied and usually pleasing in substance and in general pattern; (c) love—a composite of sexual and other needs; (d) activity—sensory and motor experiences, especially in childhood, and the pursuit of something thought worth while; (e) physical well-being; (f) a livelihood; (g) a sense of security.

Such values of living have social and ethical implications. The book is intended to be helpful to Number One, but not at the expense of the other fellow. The other fellow has the same need to be treated as you

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would like to be treated, with a due sense of respect for *his* sense of personal worth. Hence, any attempt to put something over on him against his better judgment is hardly cricket. Instances of the misuse of psychology are cited from snob advertising and pressure salesmanship. Moreover, in the putting forth or combatting of ideas, it is often mere cunning that says "cooperation" for "collusion," "freedom" for "licentiousness, "loyalty" for "servility," "social planning" for "regimentation," or *vice versa.*

Not that the book preaches, it teaches—without didacticism. It is informational about the motives and mechanisms of behavior, rather than inspirational about the good life. It contains few if any profundities of thought—or maybe one should say (if there is such a word) "abstrusities" of language. The simplicities of statement and explanation verge at times on the platitudinous, but the word generally applicable is "elementary."

Several chapters in the first part of the book deal with techniques of presenting one's ideas interestingly, forcefully and courteously, and of expressing disagreement inoffensively, but also forcefully and courteously.

The second half of the book (on mental health) treats the subject as a branch of psychology, without much credit or reference to psychiatric medicine or its contributions to knowledge. But most, or many, of the same concepts and terms are employed, and explained: such as, complexes and conflicts, frustrations and compensations, adjustments wholesome and unwholesome, defensive and escapist reactions, inhibition and aggression, day-dreaming and reversion, masochism and sadism, rationalization and projection. Not "sublimation" or "neurosis"—and the author uses "subconscious" where the psychiatrist would say "unconscious." Psychosomatic disorder, here discussed as also a branch of psychology, seems almost a matter of fact; while the idea of alcoholism as a sickness is notably absent. The emphasis is on the positive aspects of mental health, on maintaining rather than correcting unwholesome adjustments, and on the normal rather than the abnormal or psychopathological. So there are pages on the pleasures and profits of reading, radio, travel, work, hobbies, friendship, and love. As the author rightly remarks: "Anyone may well use the methods discussed herein as *preventive* measures, but only those whose knowledge extends beyond the information given in this volume can safely attempt *remedial* work."

In short, within its limits of scope and purpose, and largely because of them, this is an excellent book.

Personal History.

In an article in a recent issue of Harper's Magazine, *"The New Generation of Writers," a young writer-veteran, John W. Aldridge, discusses the "lost" generation of American writers of the last war whose best work was done in European exile, and predicts that the new crop of authors will this time remain in America. . . . Not only do our writers, old and new, now stay at home, but we are enriched by a host of foreign authors—Thomas Mann, Maeterlinck, Feuchtwanger from the Continent; Padraic Colum, Oliver St. John Gogarty, Seumas MacManus from Ireland; and from England writers like Aldous Huxley and the "Auden generation" of young authors—Auden, Spender, Isherwood. The autobiographical works reviewed this week will help us to understand two out of the countless European intellectuals who now (to Europe's loss) belong to us.*

Isherwood's Arrival and Departure

LIONS AND SHADOWS: An Education in the Twenties. By Christopher Isherwood. New York: New Directions. 1947. 312 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

WHEN Christopher Isherwood forsook the left-wing English writers with whom he had long been identified and came to this country to become a yogi, sorrow or disappointment—but hardly surprise—must have been their first reaction. More intimate chums in that famous Auden group might even have ventured a revealing comment or two on their friend Isherwood's departure from London's active literary scene. Was he not a more genuine product of this age of "hunting mothers and hunted fathers" than any of them? Besides, the three poetic plays that Isherwood wrote with Auden had not only been concerned with the present world's degradation into fascism and war but were also, behind their allegory, deeply aware of the plight of the intellectual, his unresolved tussle with the influences of the left and right, and his disloyalty to both and therefore to himself.

Isherwood tells "how a young man made himself into an important writer."

Isherwood's search for a metaphysical city began in his Cambridge days and continued on in his revolt against his own class. Unlike Auden, Day Lewis, Spender and company, "bourgeois anarchists" and fellow products of public school and university, his disenchantment with the Marxists caused Isherwood to abandon altogether the world of men. The others could relapse into liberalism, make the necessary adjustments, but for Isherwood the quest for that inner kingdom of peace became more urgent than ever. His former literary cronies could now jestingly refer to him as "the altar boy of Aldous Huxley's Hollywood temple," while Isherwood devoted himself to mystical studies and lived monastically on the fringes of the movie colony. Today, he is a disciple of the Vedanta Society, a cult whose philosophy derives from the ancient Indian Scriptures, the "Vedas." In 1945 Isherwood came out of literary retirement long enough to write a brilliant satirical novel on the Vienna rebellion and the menace of Hitler as seen through the mad antics of British film makers, "Prater Violet." The novel startled many of his readers for it bore no trace whatever of mysticism.

And now, after nearly ten years—an inexcusable delay since its publication in England—"Lions and Shadows" is finally published here by the New Directions press. If "The Last of Mr. Norris" was the novel which placed Christopher Isherwood high among the younger gifted English writers of his day, then this semi-au-

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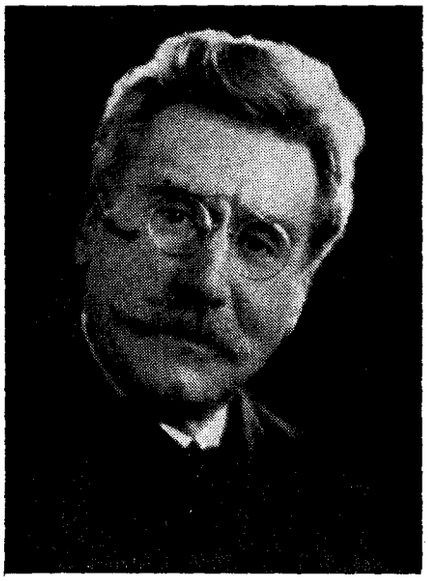
tobiographical work immediately identifies him, for all times, as the legitimate chronicler of the mental growing pains of England's "romantic revolutionaries," those left-of-center poets, novelists, and critics who are commonly known as "the Auden generation." In describing the first stages in a lifelong education—the education of the novelist, Isherwood suggests from the start that we read this autobiography as a novel. And he has used the novelist's license in depicting incidents and drawing characters to great advantage, giving full rein to his exceptional powers of dramatization and caricature. Such characters as "Chalmers," "Linsley," "Savage," "Cheuret," and "Weston" are "all caricatures" as Isherwood says himself, but we can readily detect, under the thinly veiled disguises, their true identity with the original Auden group. Written in an engaging, often gently self-reproachful manner, this autobiographical work can boast of a sensitive, distinguished style. Because the book deals mainly with the problems of a would-be writer, it can be especially recommended to fledglings and budding novelists. He has illustrated once again the contrasts more than the similarities between precocious undergraduates in England and their American university cousins during the twenties.

Isherwood's record of lengthy surrealistic conversations between him and his friend "Chalmers," along with outlines and generous samples of novels that he wrote while still an undergraduate, manage to throw considerable light on what he mockingly calls "Isherwood the Artist—striking an attitude on his lonely rock." The experiences which follow his university training — hobnobbing with London's Bohemia, tutoring in private homes, getting his first novel "All the Conspirators" published, studying medicine for a brief period—all contribute to make this a well-rounded, intensely appealing narrative. Here, indeed, is the enchanting story of how a young man made himself into an important writer of his age. And the fact that the young man in question should be Christopher Isherwood is "only of secondary importance" says Isherwood with his customary shyness. He set out to present to us a picture of a young man living in a specific European country during a fixed period, showing him as he "is subjected to a certain kind of environment, certain stimuli, certain influences." Isherwood has done exactly that—with, may we add, economy and gracefulness in the prose which is inevitably a challenge to the finest of our novelists writing today.

Story-teller Straight from Donegal



Seumas MacManus came to New York with a carpet bag filled with stories.

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN. By Seumas MacManus. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. 1947. 324 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

AT THE turn of the century American culture felt the impact of a one-man literary movement called Seumas MacManus. The movement had nothing to do with the title city of the present book; nor, indeed, had the author. Both came straight from Donegal which, as any mountaineer from the heathery hillsides of that North Atlantic county can tell you, is the heart of Ireland. Both were born in Glen Ainey, the wild, rugged, barren terrain by Donegal Bay that has as its heart—and the author proves it—a certain Knockagar house at the foot of the Old Brae, where the three roads meet. If a mere Scot named Barrie could do what he did with the scant stuff of Thrums, what couldn't a Donegal storyteller do with the riches of Glen Ainey, its beguiling folk and the lore of their highlands?

Seumas MacManus landed in New York, a raw-boned teen-ager in turf-smoked homespun. He carried a carpet bag filled with smoke-stained copybooks. In every copybook there was a Donegal tale that had been scribbled beside the turf fire of the Knockagar house at the foot of the Old Brae. The august editor of *Harper's* promptly took six of them; the *Century* editors sent for the immigrant tale-bearer and bought eight of his wares; *McClure's* summoned him, kept three of the copybooks, and asked for a book. Two weeks after publication the book went into a second edition. Since, there has been many a book and many an edition.

"The Rocky Road to Dublin" is the story of the author's childhood and adolescence. It is a story as entertaining as any of the regional legends and traditional tales that he has collected in his earlier works. In fact, there are plenty of both in this volume, for they were component to Glen Ainey's mountain air and the enchanted evenings by the MacManus fireside.

On "some paltry acres of niggard soil" the MacManuses were "unwealthy even among the unwealthy." The small son worked before and after school and during holidays—shearing corn, turf-footing, herding atop Dhrim-an-Aran. It was a heavy load for a book-hungry lad, but he found compensating happiness in the companionship of his parents and their neighbors, and in the fairs, matchmakings, weddings, and wakes of the parish. And in a land where "half of your roof and half of everything under the roof belonged to the houseless and homeless," he found a small boy's excitement in the visits of roving tinkers, beggarmen, fiddlers, and sundry picaresque originals.

Among the parish migrants was the original man-who-came-to-dinner. He stayed on at Long John's for twenty-five years, breakfasting in bed and bossing the hapless household. Long John's family gave their guest a "grand wake and a beautiful burial." Too considerate ever to press the reticent stranger for name and vital statistics, they had the epigrapher inscribe on the coffin plate "Newcome Pat, Aged Considerably."

One chapter of "The Rocky Road to Dublin" chronicles the author's experiences as a sixteen-year-old pupil-teacher in the neighboring county of Fernagh. Here at the model school the nationalistic little Fenian with the Donegal brogue was thrown in—sometimes literally — with Orangemen. Anti-Irish as they were, they were tolerant fellows who good-humoredly put up with his rebel pronouncements. Before long they had him using the school's map-globe as a drum on which to beat out such rousing Orange tunes as "We'll Kick the Pope Before Us." To a reviewer whose ancestral Tyrone shares borders with Donegal and Fermanagh, it is not without significance that Britain's far-flung possessions were soon the worse for orchestral wear. At that, drumming an empire off the globe is a bloodless form of cartography that some atomic age map-changers might take under advisement.

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Fiction. *In the last issue of the year we review only three worthwhile novels, for the flood of new fiction dries up just before the Christmas holiday season. One of them, Neil Swanson's latest solid and lusty historical novel, "The Unconquered," should appear on the fiction best-seller lists not long after you have recovered from your New Year's celebrations. Unless Frank Yerby's "The Vixens" slips below the horizon by that time, half the lists will be made up of these profitable and more or less legitimate unions of romance and history. The dividing line between the family chronicle that approaches our own day and the true historical novel is difficult to measure, but legitimacy has something to do with the matter. To confuse the issue, the heroine of Anne Meredith's nineteenth-century story of a long-lived English woman is actually illegitimate.*

A Formula Without Taboos

UNCONQUERED. By Neil H. Swanson. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1947. 440 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

AMERICAN historical novelists have developed a technique that might well make them the envy of all other fiction writers. The best of them and consequently the most successful have built a broad and streamlined highway to the past with not a red light to stop them as they whizz into the spent centuries. Their themes, however grandiose, are charted for them by history itself; it needs only a little twisting and contraction of the facts buried in books, reprinted letters, diaries, and the accumulated labor of the scholar, the serious biographer, and historian, to reveal that, thus simplified and ordered, wars and the revolutions of all our yesterdays are more comprehensible and more fascinating than the tumult and the shouting and the bloodshed of our own time.

The time is over when the traditions of historical romance were frozen by taboos, when the heroes and heroines and the villains resembled the wooden and gutless dummies in store windows dressed in period costumes, as unnatural and foolish as people at the beginning of a masquerade ball. Twenty years ago Victorian morality found its last literary stronghold in the sexless historical novel and in the sentimental outpourings of James Oliver Curwood, Harold Bell Wright, and Gene Stratton Porter. The prodigious sales of "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone With the Wind" blasted the pale marriage of romance and history out of its rigid formulas and taboos. It has taken some of the older writers like Kenneth Roberts a long time to catch up, but together with the new writers they have laboriously built up an unimpeachable formula. That it is a sure highroad to financial success does not discredit their industry and talent for this new art.

As an expert example, observe the latest of these prodigies to appear, Neil Swanson's "Unconquered." Mr. Swanson is a novelist who might be regarded with some awe. Fifteen years ago he set out to write in thirty novels "a continuous narrative of the advance of the American frontier from the Atlantic to the Mississippi." Half a dozen are in print, including "The Judas Tree," to which "Unconquered" is a companion volume. The bloody results of the Indian revolt known as the conspiracy of Pontiac, when the American frontier was broken and driven back as far as the Susquehanna, is its central theme. The date was 1763 and, according to Mr. Swanson, the sudden outbreak was as disastrous as Pearl Harbor. These were the days when land was wealth, when Colonial Americans were turning their eyes Westward over the trackless wilderness to the Father of Rivers and beyond, and when resistance to English claims and to stiffened authority from across the Atlantic was rapidly breeding the wholesale discontent that led to the Revolution. The theme of Mr. Swanson's book is therefore magnificent, epic. It remains to see how, with his grasp of the demands of present-day historical fiction, he has accomplished his task. In his preface he disarms any criticism that he has insulted the muse of history by admitting that occasionally for the sake of the narrative he has put a nick in time, that, for example, "the Mason and Dixon survey was stopped by force in 1767, not in 1762," or "one James Thompson was killed and scalped near Fort Pitt on June 22 and not on July 28." Some of the characters are real, he adds, some are imaginary, but even these are "the essence of reality," ghosts dug up out of old letters and diaries and newsprint.

Few people, even without Mr. Swanson's reassurance, would worry about his meticulous accuracy. True to the picaresque origin of the historical novel he has invented an adventurous and heroic young lieutenant through whose eyes the complex and rushing narrative is told. True to the modern romantic tradition he has created a young woman to be pursued, through whom the heavy red line of sex can be followed by the reader from the first to the last page. Sometimes the scent is elusive, almost lost in battles and ghastly marches through Indian-haunted forests, in man's absorption with politics and chicaneries; but it is always there like the day-old trace of an old fox.

Recently there has been another element added to sex in the historical romance, to make certain that the reader will not let go until the end. The illustrations that advertise the historical motion picture today often reveal it; an opulent young woman lashed to a cartwheel with a red weal on her naked back. In fact, the ominous trail of sadism is here in this novel for all to see, and lest it should be missed the publishers have portrayed on the front of the jacket the features and bust of a girl, undeniably plump and toothsome, whose waist and wrists are heavily manacled and chained. Around the corner, sure enough, is a smaller reverse of the medal, the same girl's bare back, her hands strained upward by a rope. The young woman of the story has a tough time of it physically before she is shipped to England as a slave worker. In America she is whipped as soon as she lands and is later stripped and tortured by Indians.

It is difficult to know whether to be annoyed by this device, this incursion into sadism that is only rarely approached by the ordinary novelist. It is undeniable that women were sold as slaves or indentured workers at the time of Mr. Swanson's novel and were often manhandled and brutally treated. No sensible reader should lift his eyebrows too high at an historical fact. However, the suspicion remains that the author's luscious heroine was deliberately invented to be beaten and tortured as well as to be loved, thus to command a wider audience. True, we live in brutal times, and the public may want this particular manner of expressing a savagery that lies under the surface of their minds. But it is apparent to this reader that "Unconquered" is vital, virile, and exciting enough without it to have won and deserved the popular and financial success it will undoubtedly have.

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Inner Opulence

THE RICH WOMAN. By Anne Meredith. New York: Random House. 1947. 309 pp. $3.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

IN THIS BOOK Miss Meredith has turned back the clock not only in time but in technique. She has written her book in the tradition of the stalwart nineteenth-century English novel, and it is good. The straightforwardness, the sense of scene and character, backed by a clear insight into England's political history, make for refreshing and rewarding reading.

In terms of sheer story-telling Miss Meredith delves into crime, social conditions, the emergence of the emancipated woman, and the flowering of socialism, while wars are fought and life is lived from the 1860's until almost now. Whether we long for the good old days or content ourselves with contemporary clamor, it is interesting to be reminded of revolt, of steady change, and of so-called progress.

"The Rich Woman" presents the life of Elizabeth, illegitimate child of upper-class parents. At seven she is sent to a home for unwanted children. Horror drives her away and into the loving family of the rich Charles Hobart, who adopts her. A season in London, a winter in Paris, planned marriage with her foster-brother seem to guarantee landed security. But Elizabeth denies all this in favor of a rising radical, Henry Fletcher, and lives out her years his wife. Extra-marital love intrudes but does not destroy this union; her only child is killed in the First World War; but her grandson and her faithful follower remain with her unto death.

Such is the survey of this life and of Elizabeth's inner riches. There are meat and drama and colorful contrast in it. The ghoulish interlude in the orphan home, based on an actual case, is such stuff as to cause shudders in the most hardened crime addicts. No reader will ever quite forget "The Haven," nor the mad creatures controlling it, British affinities in good standing of the Düsseldorf killer made supremely sinister by Victorian reticence. Nor can one forget the dying Elizabeth, the Elizabeth desperately and eternally in love, the wife to exasperating yet understandable Henry. Here is a complete and memorable character, an agitator, a fanatic "with a genuine vocation for martyrdom," too busy with mankind to be personal yet thoroughly representative of his time. There is wisdom in Henry, likability and immense courage. He saw, and ultimately was, the future.

Miss Meredith does not judge or preach. Her dissection is subtle, her vision unblurred, and her presentation authentic. What is more, and this should be enough, "The Rich Woman" is something to enjoy.

"Anne Meredith has turned back the clock not only in time but in technique."

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

"Elizabeth Abell has worked intuitively and with great understanding, in the dark."

Earth Hunger

FLOW TO THE LEAF. By Elizabeth Abell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 217 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

I USED to feel about some of the novels of D. H. Lawrence that I knew more about what was going on inside of their characters than I did about what was going on outside of them. Upon a lesser literary scale—for I do not mean to suggest that Miss Abell is Lawrence's peer—I feel the same way about this novel. It is a history of a family called Oliver, and their desperate scrabbling for security in the earth of an Ohio farm. But the chief character, the really significant one in the book, is a disembodied force which we might call Earth Hunger, and it works indiscriminately through every one of the Olivers, old Pitman, his sons Frank and Sidney and Seeley, their wives, and their children. It is the source of their passions, so that when we observe their angers, their fears, their rare moments of exaltation and their longer indulgences in self-pity and contention, it is not so much themselves we are observing as it is that one mighty, congenital itch for the land which possesses them all.

One aspect of the novel that flows from this is that it is more a spiritual than a physical narrative. It is very hard to remember, for example, what it is that Frank Oliver ever does anywhere in the book; what we do remember about him in his state of mind, a fury like a steady smouldering coal. So also with his wife Ellen, and with his brothers, and the old man himself. They are facets of the family passion which acts through them and is the only reality. The climax of the book is the saving of the farm. It will not go to any stranger now; it will remain the possession of a new Pitman Oliver, babe on his mother's knee. The Olivers are no more alive, or less, not changed, not enlarged or satisfied. It is the triumph of an obsession.

I feel that Miss Abell has worked intuitively and with great understanding, in the dark where the sources of this kind of story must lie. I would not have her do less than she has, or do it any other way. She might have done more, in this sense: that a stronger individual development of the Olivers would have given the book an added dimension. They could have been more recognizable as actors in their own drama, and given it more of physical movement in the light of the sun, than it has. Miss Abell did move outward here and there, as in her all-too-brief studies of the sister, Kit, and the boy, Anthony. But the main drama does not flow easily to the leaf; it is submerged in the impersonal family roots.

Correction

In *SRL*'s Annual Guide to Books for Young People [November 15], the title of a book by Joseph Gollomb was erroneously given as "Widow of the World" instead of "Window on the World."

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Poetry. *In the history of poetry there has always been a periodic swing from boldness, simplicity, and vigor towards the use of private and involved symbols to express complexity—and back again. One thinks of Marlowe's sweeping vigor replaced by the precision of a Donne; of the contrast between Keats and Browning. It was no accident that Amy Lowell, a leader of the poetic renaissance before the last war, was the biographer of Keats. The movement represented by Miss Lowell, large and free in the vigor of its expression, searched other poetic literatures for inspiration and found peculiar solace in that of the Chinese. Robert Payne, who once again may lead us back to the vivid energy of a Keats and an Amy Lowell, has fittingly produced an anthology of Chinese poetry, which we review below.*

Chinese Lyric Kaleidoscope

THE WHITE PONY. An Anthology of Chinese Poetry from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Edited by Robert Payne. New York: The John Day Co. 1947. 414 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by JEREMY INGALLS

ROBERT PAYNE'S anthology of translations is the most comprehensive selection of Chinese poetry in English so far available. Though a number of collections exist for particular dynasties and particular poets, "The White Pony" is unique as a one-volume survey text for China's three thousand years. It lacks examples from a few types and periods, but its choices and the proportions accorded those choices carry out the editor's intention to "suggest the immensity that lies behind even the briefest exploration of Chinese poetry."

Payne's choice of Chinese translators to render the poems into English is, on the whole, satisfactory. Sizable sections are brilliantly done; Ho Chih-yuan's translations of Li Ho; Pai Chwen-yu's for Lu Yu; Sophia Chen's renderings for Li Ch'ing-chao; and Chu Chun-i's for Tien Ch'ien. Since, obviously, equal literary power in two languages is not common anywhere in the world, some of the translations are less successful. In Yu Min-chuan and Yang Yeh-tzu, for instance, their poetic gifts in Chinese, their appreciation of the texts they translate, their considerable acquaintance with English are all beyond question. But, in their translations, circumlocutions, over-extended English verb forms, less fortunate equivalents obscure, more than need be, the tautness and precision of the originals. In Hsieh Wen-tung's translations another type of difficulty occurs. Rendering nine of Tu Fu's poems, this particular experiment using slant and full rhymes injects, into the English versions, a pert quality inappropriate to the effects which were created by the rhyme scheme of the originals.

A curious problem occurs concerning the translations of Ch'u Yuan made by Shen Yu-ting. Three of his translations are given, word for word, as in Payne's diary, "Forever China," published in 1945. There, however, they are given in a context implying that they are Payne's translations. They appear in his diary entry which begins, "I have been translating" Ch'u Yuan. There, no reference or acknowledgment is made to Shen Yu-ting, nor is any assistance, however anonymous, suggested. The whole set now signed by Shen Yu-ting, as translator, is among the more distinguished contributions to the anthology.

Though indicated only indirectly in the general acknowledgments for the whole book, it appears probable that the translations from the poetry classic, the "Book of Songs," are Payne's own. He cites his dependence on the work of James Legge and Arthur Waley, but the number of his challengeable renderings do injustice to his scholarly predecessors. Nor can he be entirely defended by the fact that obscurities are and will remain many in interpreting this ancient text. His translation of identical Chinese lines in similar contexts by English sentences of completely different meaning and his setting identical Chinese refrains with interpolated English variations do not completely sustain his promise that these are "scholarly," "simple, accurate . . . prose" transcriptions.

—*Associated American Artists, Inc.*

"Hong Kong Girl," by Marion Greenwood.

Among Payne's advisers in the initial stages of planning this anthology was the magnificent Wen I-to who, until his assassination by secret police in 1946, was the greatest living authority on the "Book of Songs." Though Wen's work on the classic was still in notebooks at the time of his death, it is both puzzling and disappointing to discover that Payne either had no access to these valuable pages or made less effective use of them than some of us had hoped.

The anthology is supplied with various prefatory materials including essays on the eight major poets, essays providing basic information on biography and themes. Material on the techniques of Chinese poetic composition, however, is meager.

Prefacing the brief selections from the twentieth century poets, the editor discusses their use of polysyllabic conversational Chinese, their rejection of the old "literary" language. He also catalogues their Westernizing affections, for Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Keats, Whitman, Baudelaire, and Rilke. He might have noted the significant relation between their use of conversational Chinese and their cultivation of slant and analyzed rhyme. Also, their current preferences among the poets of the Chinese past are germane to their present poetry. Symptomatic is their attachment, in Tu Fu, to his poems of poverty and suffering. Equally relevant is their devotion to T'ao Ch'ien (T'ao Yuan-ming), China's Thoreau.

The scope of this anthology is chronologically parallel to the poetry of the West from Homer to the present. Given the differences in the philosophical factor, correlations between the poetry of China and the West can be mutually illuminating. Though Payne draws occasional Western analogies, he does not undertake the chronological comparisons and contrasts implicit in his materials. Nevertheless, his industry in putting together this present collection will, I think inevitably, operate as one of

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the catalysts toward increasing comparative study of the two literatures.

Regrettably, it is not always a reliable catalyst. In some matters of editing, of attention to detail, Payne's methods are uncertain to the point of idiosyncrasy. The number of English readers able to set Chinese texts beside the English translations has increased in recent years and will continue to increase. For their purpose, "The White Pony" is almost stubbornly inadequate, being put together in inexplicable disregard of available Chinese editions.

Robert Payne has many abilities. He possesses prodigious enterprise, energy, and talent. But, despite his generous sympathies and appreciations, he lacks, thus far, that humility before detail which marks the mature poet and scholar and that responsibility toward detail which is a prime virtue in editors.

"The White Pony," whatever its spavins, however patched its harness, will, because of its size and road-coverage, make many friends. If Payne is willing to give the concentration and patience which the vast and complex materials of Chinese poetry require, he can be a more efficient courier between China and the West. With additions, with thorough and scrupulous revision, a well-groomed second edition of this present work could be the definitive and scholarly anthology for which English readers are ready, a text to be honored in both Chinese and Western literature.

Mystic Manqué

1933: *A POEM SEQUENCE. By Karl Wolfskehl. New York: Schocken Books.* 1947. 123 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by
JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

THE SUBJECT of this poem sequence is one that interests me profoundly: the relationship between God and mankind, and more specifically between that part of mankind calling itself Israel. It is set forth here in a kind of dialogue in which sometimes the Voice (presumably God's) takes up the theme, sometimes a single man, sometimes a race. The poet knows his craft, his rhythms while largely traditional have variety and verve, his metaphors are frequently striking, his passion (which to this reviewer seems more the enthusiasm of an author for a subject than the fire of a man intent on his salvation) is youthful. And this, despite the fact that these poems were written in 1933-34 when the author was about sixty-five years old. But, although I have read these poems a number of times I left and returned to them with a latent dissatisfaction, inexplicable to me until now when I believe I have found the reason why:

Mr. Wolfskehl expounds the law and lore basic to the faith of the Jews; the material is that of the Old Testament's major poets and prophets. But Mr. Wolfskehl, while an accomplished literateur, is major in neither role. The date-title leads us to expect an exposition of events in our time, and once we see the theme, we await an interpretation of the Jewish plight at a poetic level and in the light of a new revelation. But just this is what is lacking. These verses are as applicable to the historical Diaspora as to the scourge of Hitler; they do not bear the stamp of the present, and thus they leave the reader of the Bible missing all the more the eloquent sweetness of Isaiah, the thunder of Ecclesiastes, the finally resigned wisdom of Job, the fresh gush of Solomon's ardor. The soul of men questions and is by turns sternly exhorted, led on by enigmas, denounced, encouraged and finally ratified. But somehow the sense of immediacy is lacking, the sense of historical validity that would make the book inevitable or necessary.

It may be argued that such a theme, being timeless, need bear no marks of a specific time. And this might be so if instead it were full of a mystic insight that would have made the inherited revelation glow with new light. Poets like Herbert, Donne, Traherne and, later, Hopkins found the world of spirit afresh and gave it forth in a form so highly personal that it served as a new revelation. Certain poems in this collection remind one faintly of famous predecessors, as, for instance, "Do Not Mourn" has overtones of Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." And the last poem in the book, and one of the best, called "He" is reminiscent in manner if not in matter of E. E. Cummings. Space limitation permits quotation of only two verses.

He is not when, He is not who,
He weighs but sets his weight aside,
He is no dike, He is no tide.

He is not different and not so,
Is never glad, yet free from care,
He is not here nor anywhere.

The translators, Carol North Valliope and Ernst Morwitz, have been unevenly successful in carrying over sense, rhythm, and sometimes rhyme-schemes. And this is already high praise since, for the most part, poetry is obdurate to translation.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

AUTHORS AND THREE HEROES

Listed below are twenty groups of three masculine given names. Each group represents the heroes created in three different works by the same author. Can you match each group with the authors listed in the column on the right? Allowing five points for each correct tie-up, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 24.

1. Adam, Felix, and Silas	( ) Jane Austen
2. Brutus, Matt, and Robert	( ) James M. Barrie
3. Cashel, Colenso, and Henry	( ) Arnold Bennett
4. Charles, Edward, and Philip	( ) James F. Cooper
5. Clint, Gaylord, and Yancey	( ) Charles Dickens
6. Clym, Gabriel, and Michael	( ) George Eliot
7. Cosmo, Lawrence, and Tim	( ) Edna Ferber
8. David, Martin, and Nicholas	( ) John Galsworthy
9. Dick, Disko, and Kimball	( ) W. S. Gilbert
10. Doremus, Elmer, and Myron	( ) Thomas Hardy
11. Dorian, Ernest, and Gerald	( ) Ernest Hemingway
12. Edward, Fitzwilliam, and Henry	( ) Victor Hugo
13. Edward, Evelyn, and Priam	( ) Rudyard Kipling
14. Frederic, Harry, and Robert	( ) Sinclair Lewis
15. Frederic, Ralph, and Reginald	( ) Somerset Maugham
16. Gavin, John, and Peter	( ) Christopher Morley
17. Gwynplaine, Jean, and Quasimodo	( ) Eugene O'Neill
18. Harvey, Natty, and Uncas	( ) George Bernard Shaw
19. Jolyon, Michael, and Soames	( ) Thorne Smith
20. Martin, Richard, and Roger	( ) Oscar Wilde

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary

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End of a Year

IT COULD hardly be expected that literature of any deep importance could have been produced during a year when international tensions were increasing, when the establishment of peace seemed further away than ever, when Americans had to face, however reluctantly, leadership of one-half of a divided world. So many hopes with which the year started have been blasted, so many projects ended in confusion that the writer, at least the producer of creative literature, did not know in which direction to turn. No new poet appeared on the horizon or any new novelist of real significance.

The United States in particular, and the peoples of the American continents in general, seemed this year to be dwelling in a sphere of their own that had little relation to the starving, prostrated millions in Asia and Europe. To visitors from abroad even a brief visit to this country was a startling experience, for here they saw in abundance spread out before their eyes in prodigal wastefulness everything that they lacked. Our own people were aware of this cosmic irony; and as it began to appear that the endless debates of the UN, the futile meetings of ministers in Moscow and London were getting us nowhere, we began to see that the world could only be saved from ruin, and man's hopes for freedom from totalitarian autocracy, by our own efforts. Our wealth from factories and farms and from our treasury must be distributed, a lifeline extended to chaos.

What began early in the year as a half-hearted attempt to keep Greece and Turkey in the Western bloc by supplying them with money, materials, and arms, has blossomed into the Marshall Plan, which will involve no one knows what dangers or how many billions of American dollars. Last January we were still talking of one world; this December what was perhaps the last conference of foreign ministers fizzed out like a wet firecracker. In this brief time we have had to learn a grim lesson; that there is implacable hostility and an apparently unbridgeable gulf between the ambitions, the expanding totalitarian communism of Soviet Russia and the institutions and ideals of the rest of the world which we now must lead into an unpredictable future.

There is now no other alternative for us except gradual surrender or perhaps, in the end, war. But this is only one cause for our uneasiness in the midst of plenty; the other is the unsolved problem of what we still call the atomic bomb, as a tribute to the memory of the now outmoded device which destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It lies at the heart of everything, for no one can chain this sleeping and growing monster which already has the power to destroy all civilization. At the end of 1947 we only know, as the whole world knows, that this country and those that are united to us must become so strong that no one will ever dare attack us. One year has brought all of us who care to think to this appalling and fearsome conclusion, that there is no hope in the kind of international debate we have witnessed, "the public disagreements publicly arrived at." The world and we ourselves are bankrupt of reason and only our armed might and continued prosperity can save us.

It has indeed been a terrible year, this swift conclusion that we must depend, like an armed bully, on strength, not on faith, that we must be a deadly menace to one-half the world in the hope that we can save the other half. There has not been time enough for writers to dramatize this situation, or even to explain it thoroughly. The next year, or the year after, a new kind of apocalyptic writing may appear, formed from this frightful dilemma. For the first time we may begin, as a country, to know fear, for in all our history since this nation was founded we have never entered a war which we did not know with complete assurance we would win. But it will be this perhaps unavoidable fear, to which the nations from Europe have been accustomed for centuries, that may give us the strength and the will to make ourselves invulnerable. Our writers who may have seen the battlefields of the last war and who have returned somewhat bewildered to the familiar pattern of their old life will find that their horizon has again expanded. America as the head of a coalition of nations throughout the world, wherever Russian power has failed to establish itself, must have men who can explain and dramatize our position, not only to ourselves, but to our friends and to our antagonists where we can reach them.

No one can appreciate what the effect on our culture and literature will be. It may turn gifted writers into blatant propagandists, for fear generates hate, and hate is the enemy of thought and calm reflection. Those who cannot deal with the wider aspects of our new relationship to the world may become introverted, may delve deeper into the subconscious and into the doubts and maladies that will afflict the souls and minds of men who cannot endure the strain of unending external pressures. On the other hand, there is exultation in accomplishment and in having a cause to fight for as great as that of man's freedom throughout the world. It may become a time for the poet and the essayist again, for strong and vital words and rhythms are called forth by the necessity for great and heroic effort. There may be a deeper impatience in our minds at our own weaknesses and follies, a savage anger at the kind of intolerance that will be weapons in our enemies' hands, for even while we are at peace those who would destroy us can now be measured by the tens of millions. It will be a sterner time, if we are thus to remodel ourselves into a grim colossus of armed strength and at the same time save our own freedoms, to keep intact our way of life and every man's bill of rights.

H. S.

Beatitudes, 1947

By Bianca Bradbury

BLESSED are the quail and hare who seek
No quarrel, being gently bred and wise.
Blessed are the children who inherit
Doorsteps and the damp
Of cellars. Blessed are all they who gaze
Through wire of this year's concentration camps.
Blessed is the doe with quiet eyes.
Blessed are all those with alien skin,
All who turn the other cheek,
All who borrow
Against the promised legacy,
A green tomorrow—
Who wide-eyed sow in faith and reap in sorrow—

Blessed are the meek.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Inspiration

SIR: I have long suspected that John Mason Brown is the best dramatic critic now writing in America. Now I am sure of it. His review of "The Winslow Boy" [*SRL* Nov. 24] puts writing on the theatre in a new class. Linking up the play with the little-known Pacific Junction incident was an inspiration.

PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Calling Kipling Collectors

SIR: Kipling collectors and all those interested in his writings are invited to join The Kipling Society which publishes *The Kipling Journal*, a quarterly magazine devoted to bibliographical material, uncollected items, and comment on Kiplingiana, which each member receives. For further information address me at 210 W. 90th St., New York 24, N. Y.

CARL T. NAUMBURG.

New York, N. Y.

Breathed-In Prejudices

SIR: I do not believe that a finer statement of the wrongs suffered by the Negro could be made than in "Why I Remain a Negro," by Walter White [*SRL* Oct. 11]. I could only plead as an excuse for the white folks, especially those of the South, that if I had been born and reared in the South and breathed in the prejudices there against the Negro throughout my years as a child and youth perhaps my behavior would be regulated by those prejudices and I would not be the liberal that one most naturally is who has lived all his life among folks of liberal principles.

But whatever excuses there may be for the prejudices of the people of the South (I do not see any for the equally prejudiced people of the North) we must for the sake of all of us do what we can to eradicate these prejudices.

W. H. HOLLY,
Judge, U. S. District Court.

Chicago, Ill.

Dictated from the Kremlin?

SIR: I believe it was in the pages of *The Saturday Review*, not too long ago, that Bernard DeVoto complained bitterly that one could hardly expect any sort of fair or objective review in a left-wing publication, referring specifically to *New Masses*. Whether or not this be the case, I have always maintained that *The Saturday Review* was as fair and intelligent a spotlight on literature as one might find in these confused times. That is why, as an old and faithful reader, I believe I have the right to break a self-imposed rule of long standing and to complain to a periodical about a review of one of my books. I speak of the review of "Clarkton" in your Nov. 1 issue.

Is it not charged that the sin of the "left" is name calling, an ugly practice that objective journals do not indulge in? But what of this sort of name calling and character blackening, in your review of my book? In the few paragraphs Harry Bull devotes to it, he manages to say: "straight Russian Communist pattern . . . ," "no play on the Moscow boards . . . ," "contemporary Soviet manner . . . ," "You might expect of Vishinsky . . . ," "the propagandist line . . . ," etc.

Was Mr. Bull asked to review the foreign policy of the Soviet Union or my new novel? By insinuation and innuendo, he as much as says that the book was dictated from the Kremlin. How is an adult and fairly intelligent American writer to deny such an imbecile charge? The insinuations are all cast in that incredible line of cowardly criticism that says a thing without saying it. Mr. Bull says:

> But it seems to me that in parodying the contemporary Soviet manner with no more of a smile than you might expect of Vishinsky, he [Fast] may mislead some of his younger readers into taking Clarkton seriously.

I could reply to Mr. Bull that this is not only a substitution of invective for criticism, but precisely the type of cowardly innuendo I speak of above. Mr. Bull does not attempt to prove anything; he does not examine; he does not quote; he does not analyze; he does not even criticize. His reference to contemporary Soviet novels is backed by neither example nor explanation; nor could it be: for there is no case in the modern Soviet novel of a book which even vaguely, in either form or content, resembles "Clarkton," which—if it does nothing else—derives from American sources, both literary and otherwise. His linking me with Vishinsky is at best rather vulgar. Like Parnell Thomas, he believes the "foreign agent" charge is wholly adequate in dealing with literary work. But I think you will agree that the pages of *The Saturday Review* are less suited than the Old House Office Building to such an approach.

It has become tiresome for me to reiterate that I write as I please, according to the dictates of my own conscience, not to the dictates of either the "right" or the "left." Everything I have written has been submitted to the public eye; my life is more literally an open book than the lives of most men. But for the last two years, since it has become fashionable to hate Communists or anyone charged with being a Communist publicly, and safe, too, my work has not come in for criticism but for literary execution.

I have come to accept this. Working earnestly as a writer, feeling that I achieve some growth in my approach to human relations, I have nevertheless resigned myself to having each new book I produce characterized as another part of the "party line." I hopefully believe my books may survive that, and I also hope that the seven or eight million American readers I have gained for myself will take the content rather than the newspaper invective as a basis of judgment. But I did reserve to that narrowing area of objective criticism the pages of *The Saturday Review*. Therein, my books have been reviewed these past dozen years, and always fairly and sincerely. For that reason, you will forgive my anger at the performance of Mr. Harry Bull.

HOWARD FAST.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I wonder why Damocles moved my place card to the center of the table."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In publishing the correspondence* [SRL *Oct.* 11] *between Howard W. Ambruster, author of "Treason's Peace," and the reviewer of the book, Joseph Prendergast* [SRL *July* 19], *we inadvertently printed a version of Mr. Prendergast's first letter which contained some material which Mr. Ambruster had not seen* i.e.: *the fifth, sixth, and tenth paragraphs of that letter*). *We take this opportunity of apologizing to Mr. Ambruster.*

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Seeing Things

SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT

THE SENSE of being familiar with the new and the strange is no uncommon experience. We have all had it. We have found ourselves in places unvisited by us before, and yet felt unaccountably at home there. We have been confident that we were looking upon a sight already seen, if not in this existence, in another. Time, like geography, has played these tricks upon us. An unconscious past has been overlaid upon a conscious present. Although this intrusion has been brought about by no wilful effort of our own, the result is an unsteady double vision. It is a vision which comes by flashes, and is made the more mysterious since it is the product of our feeling rather than our seeing.

It is precisely this mirage of familiarity which "A Streetcar Named Desire"* is bound to raise in the minds of those who saw "The Glass Menagerie." Tennessee Williams's new play *is* new. No one can question that. In story, setting, incident, and some of the details of its characterizations, it is a work quite different from its predecessor. It is better, deeper, richer than was that earlier drama in which the late Laurette Taylor gave a deathless performance as a faded, frumpy, Southern belle. Yet new as it is, it is scarcely novel. Even the surprises, many and startling, which it holds more closely resemble misfortunes engulfing old friends than misadventures overtaking new people.

The reasons for this are obvious. The mood of "Streetcar" is the same as that of "The Glass Menagerie"—only more so. Once again Mr. Williams is writing of the decay of Southern gentility. Once again he is a dramatist of despair, though this time frustration has been replaced by disintegration. Once again the world into which he leads us is full of shadows. It is a place of gauzes and transparencies in which the reality is suggested rather than reproduced. Although now set in New Orleans's French Quarter instead of in one of St. Louis's poorer districts, the scene continues to be a slum. Its physical grubbiness remains a match for the emotional dilapidation of some of the characters it houses.

Mr. Williams's recurrent concern is with the misfits and the broken; with poor, self-deluded mortals who, in Emerson's phrase, are pendants to events, "only half attached, and that awkwardly," to the world they live in. They are victims of the same negation as the characters in "The Glass Menagerie," and sustain themselves by identical illusions. If they lie to others, their major lie is to themselves. In this way only can they hope to make their intolerable lives tolerable. Such beauty as they know exists in their dreams. For the surroundings in which they find themselves are once again as sordid as is their own living.

BLANCHE DU BOIS, the central figure in Mr. Williams's new play, is a schoolteacher turned whore, whose mind ultimately collapses. Though younger and far more relentlessly explored as a character, she is a kissing-cousin of the dowdy Amanda who, in "The Glass Menagerie," sustained herself by her unreliable prattle of a white-columned past. The man who falls in love with Blanche is the same Gentleman Caller with whom, in Mr. Williams's earlier script, Amanda's crippled daughter fell in love. His ingenuousness is unchanged; the childlike quality in a hulking male is no less constant. He is as surely a victim of his mother as Amanda's sailor son, in Mr. Williams's previous work, was the victim of Amanda.

Yet, in spite of these seeming duplications, "A Streetcar Named Desire" is no replica of "The Glass Menagerie." If it repeats certain patterns, it does so only to extend them. It is a maturer play; in fact, in some respects the most probing script to have been written by an American since Clifford Odets wrote "Awake and Sing."

Mr. Williams, let me quickly add, is a dramatist who has little in common with Mr. Odets except for his eye for small details and the vitality with which he can project character in the round. The proletarian protest; the flaming indignation; the awareness of how good people are thwarted and wasted; the over-easy blaming of "The System" for this; the sense of writing with a pen held in a clenched fist; the pungent, sometimes too florid, phrases; and the positive hope for the better world that might come—all these Odetsian traits are missing. Yet both writers, different as they are, are plainly men who have read Chekhov with profit and affection.

—*Graphic House.*

Marlon Brando "is all force and fire" . . . Jessica Tandy "a schoolteacher turned whore."

In general, Mr. Williams has more in common with William Saroyan, another good Chekhovian, than with Mr. Odets. He has something of the same enchantment; of the same lyricism; of the same reliance upon music; and of the same ability to evoke mood and transcend realism. But Mr. Saroyan's innocence; his glistening, youthful belief in man's goodness; his flagrant, unashamed sentimentality; the bluebird's song he keeps singing in the presence of pain or in the midst of misery; and his eruptive, though dangerous, talent for what amounts to written improvisation are characteristics conspicuous by their absence in Mr. Williams.

Mr. Williams is a more meticulous craftsman. His is a manifestly slower, less impromptu manner of writing. His attitude towards his people is as merciless as Mr. Saroyan's is naïve. He is without illusions. His men and women are not large-spirited and noble, or basically good. They are small and mean; above all, frustrated. He sees them as he believes they are, not as they would like to be or as he would like to have them. They have no secrets from him or from us when he is through with them. They may have little sweetness, but they are all lighted.

Mr. Williams's approach to them is as tough-minded as James M. Cain's would be. This is the more surprising, considering how Chekhovian or Saroyanesque are his moods. Indeed, there are scenes in "A Streetcar Named Desire" which suggest the most unlikely of collaborations. They

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, a new play by Tennessee Williams. Directed by Elia Kazan. Setting and lighting by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Lucinda Ballard. Presented by Irene M. Selznick. With a cast including Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, Karl Malden, Gee Gee James, Peg Hillias, Rudy Bond, Vito Christi, etc. At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.

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STAGE

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The Gay New Comedy Success
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In the Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
with RAY MIDDLETON
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"A SUPERB DRAMA" —Atkinson, Times
IRENE M SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
A New Play by
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"TOPS IN TOON—SCOTCH AND SO-DA-LIGHTFUL."—Walter Winchell
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with
DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • JAMES MITCHELL
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St. Evgs 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY

The Nation's Laugh Hit!
by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way

"A DIRECT HIT!"—Walter Winchell
PAUL KELLY in
COMMAND DECISION
with
JAY FASSETT
PAUL McGRATH
FULTON, W. 46th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

"THE WITTIEST PLAY IN TOWN"-Atkinson, Times
MAURICE EVANS
in GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY
MAN AND SUPERMAN
ALVIN Thea., 52nd St. W. of B'way. CI 5-5226
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30

sound as if Mr. Cain and Mr. Saroyan had written them jointly. For the magic one associates with Mr. Saroyan at his best is there. It is there in spite of the brutality of the action, the spiritual squalor of the heroine, the utter negation of the mood, and the sordidness of the episodes. Mr. Williams's new-old play is at once absorbing and appalling; poignant and amoral; drab and magical. Although a smear in a biological laboratory rather than "a slice of life," it has its haunting, moonlit aspects.

I doubt if any woman in any American play has been drawn more unsparingly than is Blanche Du Bois, the schoolteacher whose gradual descent into madness is followed in "A Streetcar Named Desire." Strindberg could not have been more ruthless in dealing with her selfishness. He, however, would have hated her, where Mr. Williams, without pleading for her, understands—and would have us understand—what has brought about her decline. He passes no moral judgment. He does not condemn her. He allows her to destroy herself and invites us to watch her in the process.

Mr. Williams names an outside cause for the first unhinging of her mind—the fact that Blanche's husband, whom she loved dearly, had turned out to be a homosexual. Upon her discovery of his secret he had blown out his brains. Although this outward tragedy may have damaged her reason, Mr. Williams presents it as being by no means the only tragedy of Blanche Du Bois's life. Her abiding tragedy comes neither from her family's dwindling fortunes nor from her widow's grief. It is sprung from her own nature. From her uncontrollable duplicity. From her pathetic pretensions to gentility, even when she is known as a prostitute in the little town in which she was brought up. From her love of the refined when her life is devoted to coarseness. From the fastidiousness of her tastes and the wantonness of her desires. From her incapacity to live up to her dreams. Most particularly, from her selfishness and her vanity, which are insatiable.

Those who have read Mr. Williams's script (as I have not) assure me that, though scene after scene possesses merit, the real job of pulling it together and transforming it into a play has been done by Elia Kazan rather than by Mr. Williams. It is easy to believe this. Mr. Kazan's direction throughout is brilliantly creative. His imagination is at all times equal to Mr. Williams's. He succeeds in combining stylization with realism. He is able to capture to the full the inner no less than the outer action of the text. He knows when to jab a climax home, when to rely on

STAGE

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
SHUBERT Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way.
Ev'gs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

KATHARINE CORNELL GODFREY TEARLE
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
with KENT SMITH
LENORE ULRIC—RALPH CLANTON
Martin Beck, W. 45. Evs. 8:15. Mats. W. & S.

SCREEN

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mood, when to focus the attention pitilessly on the principals, or when to establish in Reginald Marsh terms the tenement atmosphere.

Jo Mielziner's share in the evening is as contributive as Mr. Kazan's. His setting is one of the most distinguished he has designed in his distinguished career. It consists of two dreary rooms on the first floor of a dilapidated building in New Orleans. These are flanked on one side by the bathroom in which Blanche takes incessant warm tubs, and on the other by iron stairs leading up to other flats housing other families whose lives, one gathers, are no less wretched and tumultuous. The walls of Mr. Mielziner's tenement are transparent. Through them the French Quarter can be seen. And in them a symbol exists for Mr. Williams's inward and outward approach to his people.

A proof of the virtues of Mr. Williams's new play is that everyone working upon it has been stimulated to do his best. As Blanche Du Bois, Jessica Tandy gives a memorable performance. She does not spare herself any more than Mr. Williams has spared his heroine. She dodges none of the exposures of the text by playing for sympathy. She is what Mr. Williams describes her as being. Her lies, her pathetic ardors, her drinking, her selfishness, and the encroachments of her madness are all clearly and unforgettably established. She has her schoolma'am moments and her interludes of pretended gentility, both of which are interrupted by sudden glimpses into the woman she truly is.

As the victim of Momism Blanche almost lures into marriage, Karl Malden suggests movingly all that is trusting, naïve, good, and slow-witted in the character. Kim Hunter plays Blanche's self-effacing sister with warmth and tenderness. As her Polack husband, Marlon Brando is excellent. It is almost impossible to realize that this is the same Mr. Brando who, not long ago, was giving so ineffectual a performance as Marchbanks in Miss Cornell's "Candida." Where he then seemed weak and plainly inadequate, he is now all force and fire; a Rodin model; a young Louis Wolheim with Luther Adler's explosiveness.

Although no one is apt to describe Mr. Williams's new play as pleasant, its power is incontestable. It could stand cutting, and certain of its scenes, such as its final one, might be bettered by rewriting. But both as written and as staged, one thing is certain. "A Streetcar Named Desire" is more than a work of promise. It is an achievement of unusual and exciting distinction.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

The Crime Blotter for 1947

An Annual Reckoning of Murder Between Covers

JUDGE LYNCH

CRIME, between bindings, is completing its biggest year, quantitatively, since Pearl Harbor. There were 272 books about murder, factual and fictional, published in 1947. That figure represents an increase of slightly more than twenty per cent over 1946, when the total, in reasonably round numbers, was 215. In 1945, '44, and '43 the yearly totals were, respectively, 180, 185, and 205. In 1942 the figure was 220.

Of the 272 titles published in 1947 there were 208 that might be called, for want of a better term, "straight" murder stories. The term straight, however, is used in a strictly non-Euclidean sense. At least, these stories (all fiction) had a murder, or murders, and a detective, or the plural, to solve same. A large number of them demonstrated the New Elasticity that has breached the walls of the murder-mystery-detective-story canon. This suppleness in what has been considered a rigid form of story-telling was especially evident in the thirty-five "crime-suspense" novels published during 1947—a nebulously-bounded classification that includes many of the notable titles of the year. In fact, 1947 was a poor year for crime-story purists. The truly straight exercises in bafflement and deduction were in the minority. To some critics of the genre this seems to presage the "inevitable end" of the whodunit. To others it is a broadening of the horizon. You pays your money. . . .

More statistics. Besides the classifications just mentioned there were eight international-intrigue-espionage yarns, all naturally full of murder, twenty collections of short pieces, and one short biography. Of the collections nine were fact, eleven fiction—the latter including four volumes of short stories each dealing with the assorted exploits of one particular sleuth. There were seventy-two novels by women (possibly more, for some of the gals *will* masquerade), including about half of the year's better stories; forty by English writers (including Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa); and the lone Frenchman, M. Simenon, whose 1947 thriller barely, if at all, fits into the general picture. THE CRIMINAL RECORD delivered verdicts on 255 of the 272 books published. Eleven were bodily ejected from court, and the remaining seven were either received too late for review during the calendar year or turned up missing.

During the year THE CRIMINAL RECORD dwelt with considerable enthusiasm on sixty-one books. On about a dozen of that number the Judge, after reconsideration and rereading, feels that he may have been too lenient. But there were at least fifty stories that were noteworthy, and more than half of that number would have been outstanding in any year. And that brings us to the qualitative analysis of this 1947 bumper crop. It was a shade better than 1946. The general average of competence was higher, the bilge was lower, proportionately, and there were fewer arid stretches between good books. There was a handful of good newcomers—but the year produced nothing to equal "The Horizontal Man" of 1946. The "regulars" — the ranks have changed but little in the last five years—put numerous well-known sleuths through their paces with their customary skill. New "gimmicks" were few and far between. With the temporary eclipse of the "chess-puzzle" type of story many writers seemed to be devoting more attention to breadth and depth of characterization—in the "crime-suspense" group especially. Psychiatry, psychoanalysis, and mental abnormalities played a modest but not unimportant part in the year's output. A few stories dealt with nuclear fission and atom-bomb

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. George Eliot. 2. Eugene O'Neill. 3. George Bernard Shaw. 4. Somerset Maugham. 5. Edna Ferber. 6. Thomas Hardy. 7. Thorne Smith. 8. Charles Dickens. 9. Rudyard Kipling. 10. Sinclair Lewis. 11. Oscar Wilde. 12. Jane Austen. 13. Arnold Bennett. 14. Ernest Hemingway. 15. W. S. Gilbert. 16. James M. Barrie. 17. Victor Hugo. 18. James F. Cooper. 19. John Galsworthy. 20. Christopher Morley.

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secrets. There were twenty-four tough-guy items, and eleven with tough-guy overtones — occasionally thunderous.

The diversity of crime fiction in 1947 makes it none too easy to list the best stories of the year. But here, alphabetically arranged by author for safety's sake, and including straight detectives, mysteries, suspense-novels, and espionage, is the Judge's blue-ribbon panel for the year: "The Fabulous Clip-Joint" by Frederic Brown (Dutton, $2.50); "The Case of the Missing Men" by Christopher Bush (Macmillan, $2.50); "Manila Hemp" by Eleanor Chamberlain (Dodd, Mead, $2.50); "Let the Tiger Die" by Manning Coles (Crime Club, $2); "The Dark Fantastic" by Margaret Echard (Doubleday, $2.50); "The Accomplice" by Matthew Head (Simon & Schuster, $2.50); "Death of a Doll" by Hilda Lawrence (Simon & Schuster, $2.50); "One More Unfortunate" by Edward Lustgarten (Scribner's $2.50); "Final Curtain" by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown, $2.50); "And Hope to Die" by Richard Powell (Simon & Schuster, $2.50); "So Evil My Love" by Joseph Shearing (Harper's, $2.50); "Never By Chance" by Sylvia Tate (Harpers, $2.50).

The Lustgarten novel is the best English newcomer of the year—a distinguished and engrossing job; Sylvia Tate and Frederic Brown deserve equal honors for the best American "firsts." On the Matthew Head story the Judge goes out on a limb—with pleasure.

AND since every panel has its alternates, the Judge suggests the following as well qualified to serve: "The Bells of Old Bailey" by Dorothy Bowers (Crime Club, $2); "The Sleeping Sphinx" by John Dixon Carr (Harpers, $2.50); "Fashioned for Murder" by George Harmon Coxe (Knopf, $2.50); "The Woman in Black" by Leslie Ford (Scribner's, $2.50); "The Blank Wall" by Elizabeth Sanxay Holding (Simon & Schuster, $2.50); "In a Lonely Place" by Dorothy B. Hughes (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50); "Politics Is Murder" by Edwin Lanham (Harcourt, $2.50); "The Case of the Fan Dancer's Horse" by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow, $2.50); "Untidy Murder" by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Lippincott, $2.50); "Strange Story" by Hilda Lewis (Random House, $2.50); "The Seven Deadly Sisters" by Pat McGerr (Crime Club, $2); "Nine More Lives" by Michael Morgan (Random House, $2.50).

Notable among the factual "collections" were "The San Francisco Murders" edited by Joseph Henry Jackson (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.50); "The Fatal Caress" edited by Richard Barker (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3); and "Villainy Detected" edited by Lillian de la Torre (Appleton, Century, $3).

The best fiction collections were "Murder by Experts" (Ziff-Davis, $3.50); "Alfred Hitchcock's Fireside Book of Suspense" (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) and "The Queen's Awards for 1947" edited by Ellery Queen (Little, Brown, $3). In a cozy little class by itself was "Famous Stories of Code and Cipher" edited by R. L. Bond (Rinehart, $3.50)—and the most rewarding book of short stories about one character was "P. Moran: Operative" by Percival Wilde (Random House, $2.50).

And now—what about 1948? Indications are that the total will not be so large next year. Sales are off. A couple of publishers are rumored to be discontinuing their mystery-story lines. 1947 was not the biggest crime-novel year in publishing history. But it may have presented too many titles at the wrong time. If the crime crop in 1948 is smaller, and better, it may benefit all concerned.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
POISON SPEAKS SOFTLY *Dorothy Park Clark* (Crime Club: $2)	Poisoner at large on millionaire's Kentucky estate exterminates enemies mercilessly until doctor's pretty wife and pink-cheeked cop end it tidily.	Plenitude of characters, most of them full of arsenic or barbiturates, makes tale rather confusing, but it moves rapidly.	Fair
BORDERLINE MURDER *Alan Amos* (Crime Club: $2)	Ex-GI seeking man who framed him into prison on jewel theft, meets him, murder, and various investigators on streets of Laredo.	Odd tourist-camp denizens and Mexican fiesta keep yarn rolling, but surprise solution takes entirely too much explaining.	Average

SCREEN

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CALLIOPE AND THE CRITICS

(*Continued from page 8*)

almost any moderately good, newly published book, although it might be unorganized, unskilful, or sometimes even amateurish, was a cause for interest, discussion, and sometimes controversy. There were periods when in New York City and in Chicago reviewers and critics were almost as important and frequently as well or better known than the average creative writer himself, when there were cliques and schools of reviewers and writers which carried on battles so bitter that the casual onlooker, the author, sometimes acquired a black eye or a bloody nose from a stray brick, although he himself had no part in the struggle. It might have been temporarily tough on the writer but it was very good for writing.

The earlier period might have been called the Greenwich Village period and the later one the Montparnasse period. They represented the days when writing in itself, regardless of picture sales or book clubs or personal ballyhoo, was sufficient reward, a good or a bad review was tremendously important, when excitement prevailed and argument was stimulating and fantastically fecund, the days of new ideas, of good prose, of experiment, and of heart-breaking endeavor. Certainly today the enthusiasm for writing in itself has virtually disappeared or has at least been concentrated away from grand-style creative literature into the little boudoirs of precosity and the back rooms of sensationalism.

The whole case of this literary sickness is, of course, somewhat like the hen and the egg. The ballyhoo for mere "bigness" has obscured all other qualities and the writers themselves, old or young, have failed to produce exciting books while criticism and reviewing, obscured by the bigness and feeding upon insipid food, turned anemic and abject. None of these conditions, aggravated by the instability and sensationalism of our times, contribute to the establishment and maintenance of a living and growing contemporary literature of quality.

Certainly I am the last to advocate the principles of the ivory tower school of writing or the preciosity which has an audience only in the little reviews. Both may be interesting and even stimulating but neither produces a great literature or little that is of eventual value save as literary curiosities. Both are afflicted by serious limitations and if they become "literarily" fashionable are likely to produce the sterility of which the Paul Valéry school in France becomes a symbol. Neither respect for good writing nor a healthy creative literature can be based upon a philosophy in which the content is inferior to the form or the thought to the selection of the word.

One school of contemporary literary criticism—a very small one indeed—seems to have fallen into that decadence of sterile preciosity. It seems, however, to be virtually the only element of literary criticism today which possesses character, real integrity, or quality of any kind. The rest of the field appears to be diffused, a little bored, and without much direction. Having overlooked or neglected or forgotten the inherent elements which make an important or a great book—story interest, characterization, humanity, atmosphere, philosophic content, spiritual catharsis, and other minor qualifications—they are content and even eager to pin the labels "great," "penetrating," "important" upon any sensational or moderately readable novel which comes along. This is certainly no service to literature. When writing becomes so simple and easy that it produces dozens of "great" and "important" novels a year, there is something wrong not only with the writers but very wrong with the critical aspect of the times.

FOR CERTAIN blights the reviewer and to some degree the publisher have been directly responsible in our times. One of these is the inclination and apparently even the determination to force every writer of talent into the rut of over-specialization. By this I mean the pressure exerted to force a writer to be simply a novelist and nothing else, a short-story writer who writes stories and nothing else, and the secondary but extremely stubborn pressure to make every writer write the same story over and over again. All this is perhaps but a part of the frenzy for over-specialization which has infected and largely distorted the whole field of American education, as well as writing. It is a tendency and a pressure to detach the creative mind, in almost any field of the arts and even the sciences, from the universal aspect of education and culture and life which produced the greatness of the Renaissance, and of men like Shakespeare and da Vinci, to the limitations of a pigeonhole.

As a veteran writer and one possessing some economic security, as well as a fairly objective point of view toward writing, I have watched this tendency at work for a long time. It is a movement, on the part of reviewers, of publishers, and sometimes of the reading public, not only to force a novelist to be only a novelist but to rewrite what he has successfully written over and over again. It is not only as if they resented his being a novelist who had the ability also to write plays or verse or articles or pamphlets on politics, economics, or other subjects, but resented any experiments he might make either for intellectual or creative reasons, to please himself.

In other words, the critical pressure has always been to make Steinbeck rewrite over and over again—"The Grapes of Wrath" or at least "Of Mice and Men." When he turns to "Cannery Row" or writes "The Wayward Bus," which he undoubtedly enjoyed writing, a great many reviewers claim at once that Steinbeck is writing for money or has "fallen off." When he writes a scientific book about the Gulf of California, it is either ignored or handed over in most cases for review to a reader who gets $5 a review and hasn't the least idea what Mr. Steinbeck is talking about. A good many reviewers mention, if they mention it at all, a very amusing satire of Sherwood Anderson by Hemingway called "Torrents of Spring" as if it were criminal disgrace he has suffered early in his career.

Examples of these pressures toward specialization, toward forcing the writer into a narrower and narrower rut could be quoted almost indefinitely. If a romantic writer turns to satire or comedy, he is attacked often enough, with a kind of savagery because he has turned aside from the romanticism of his labeled and ticketed past. All too often the attack has little or nothing to do with the character or quality of the satire or comedy he has written. Often enough the reviewer hasn't the faintest idea whom it is about, because the editor has always assigned him only "romantic" novels for review.

The truth is, of course, that great writers, except in extremely few cases, and great literatures, are not judged or established by single sensational successes and then by the repetition of the same book over and over again, but by the sum total of their work, and influence in the *whole field* of writing—by the qualities of their intellect and judgment, by the variety of their interests, by their participation in the life and influences of their time, by their relation to the universe and their understanding and philosophy regarding it and many other things. The pressures on the critical side of American writing have long been against any such basis of appraisal. It would seem

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that in the average appraisal of American writers today "a man is as good as his last book" just as the saying goes in Hollywood that "a man is as good as his last picture."

The list of writers who have yielded to these pressures and been forced into the rut which led eventually toward insignificance not only of literary quality but of popular success, is a long one. Any reader familiar with American writing for a generation can make the list for himself. The process is inevitably a deadening one in which the growth, intellectual, spiritual, or literary, of the writer himself gradually becomes retarded until at last he becomes bored, not only by what he is writing but by himself and by what is even more terrible—by writing itself.

If the publisher and the public share in the guilt of striving to force the writer into over-specialization and the constant rewriting of the same successful book, the book reviewers still remain the chief culprits, for they make their pressures vocal and insistent, falling back on the idea that because a new book is not the same as some earlier successful book, it is therefore not as good as that book and the writer is failing. These pressures exerted behind doors in the publisher's office, on book pages by editors and reviewers and reflected in the best-seller lists, are often far more dangerous to writers and *writing* than the money temptations of Hollywood, to which, curiously, they are very closely related. Any writer worth his salt must change and grow and experiment; otherwise he succumbs to atrophy and boredom and eventually falls into obscurity, the horror which all along he has feared more than any other thing.

To be sure, a good many writers have the strength to resist the pressures, knowing that if a writer does not continue growing he can only slip backward. Some, of course, are more subject to money appeal than others and are more inclined to yield to the pressures of the best-seller lists than to the comment of the reviewers, but the result is the same so far as good creative writing and growth are concerned.

There are many more things wrong with American writing and reviewing than have been set down here, but those symptoms listed above seem to me the most important. I have used very sparingly the words "critic" and "criticism" for they are words to be respected since few things are rarer than the good literary critics or criticism. As I pointed out in *SRL* September 13, truly *great* critics like George Brandes and Saint-Beuve, whose very criticism was in itself creative, are virtually non-existent today, here or in England or in France.

Of one thing I am certain—that the American novel and American verse will not again become rich and diverse and exciting until writing itself becomes so, and that will not happen until *writing* becomes more important than any writer or the gross amount of sales or the book-club choices or the amount paid for "Minnie Oberholzer" by Super-Splendid Films.

It is a tough world which faces the young beginning writer of talent. All the forces are against him and the pressures are toward forcing him in a senescent cynicism and materialism long before his time. He would have been much happier and his talents would have had a much greater chance to escape the blight if he had lived during the Greenwich Village or the Montparnasse period when *writing* itself was the most important thing in the world and not autograph hunters, publicity campaigns, and advertisements announcing, "First printing, 800,000 copies including book clubs."

The fact is that, despite everything, good creative writing is still an art, a craft, and cannot be exploited by ballyhoo nor pinned down to earth by writing over and over again the thing which has once been successful. More than that, the satisfaction of doing a good job is not only greater than any amount of money or ballyhoo, but in the long run it is a much sounder foundation upon which to build a whole structure of achievement.

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the Phoenix Nest

DEPTH

DIG INTO the gold sands of Hope
With the tin shovel of Illusion.
Dig into the brown earth of Actuality
With the black spade of Experience.
And you will go no deeper than the mole,
Or the dog that buries his bone.
No deeper than the plowman.
No deeper than the grave digger.

There is more depth above you
Than below you.

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

* * *

FOR THIS TIME

GREAT moving spirit of universe beyond universe, and of incessant life and motion within the tiniest cell; determiner of all pattern, principle, and variety of our abundant life; guardian of time, space, eternity; friend and counselor in the human heart; light in the mind of man; apocalypse of creation; called of our fathers Amen-Ra, Bel-Merodach, Ahura Mazda, Allah, Brahma, Yu Huang, Jessis, Oain, Zeus, Jupiter, Jehovah, and God; thou who art sun and seed, sower and sown, in the galaxy and the electron, the mystery of birth, the mystery of life, the mystery of death; we call upon thee to hear us.

Us who, like brigands in a temple, have rent from top to bottom the veil behind the high altar of life to look upon our own blinding mortal annihilation, or, as it may be, to hear the heavy pulse-beat of new worlds in being; us, who in our inexorable search for life's every secret have flattered the mock majesty of our human thought; to make of miracle mere toys for the merchant, to bridle the lightning that the few may feast, to yoke the thunder for plunder and war; who, in prayer side-glancing in secret, transgress flagrantly in open day; who, seeing the naked radiance of truth before us, crucify her in the market-place; who are quick to accuse, to excuse, alert to threaten, loud to deny, in the meanwhile enslaving ourselves and others, and forsaking reason in the arguments of the self-righteous; who bow down to Power saying, "How great is our builded State, how majestic is Mammon, how marvelous are the ways of Rimmon, how league-long our walls, our ramparts how high, how well-prepared our defense!" Being the while lacking utterly in any defense of the spirit, in any ramparts of the soul, in any power from everlasting, in any resource in thee. Being the while braggart in denial of the eternal daily miracle in the midst of which we find ourselves living and breathing; perverting all its manifestations to folly, to envy, to contention, to calculated murder. For these things, great spirit of the universe, should we ask that thou stoop and commend us?

Should we ask thee to spare us who spare not; to keep troth with us who keep no troth with each other; to comprehend us who are found lacking in comprehension, while surrounded on every side and at every turning by guides to comprehension? Us, who embark upon wings more rapid than light, to fill infinity with voyage; who cleverly entrap all sound from the air, until Carchemish talks from Time's beginning to cities of the West; and the tongues known in Babel, that great tower, are heard again in our world's councils; but who find it impossible to solve the simplest problem of world equity or amity, or to accomplish aught save resounding speeches and shibboleths: saying, "Sovereignty!," "Justice!," "Freedom!," "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat!," "The Brotherhood of Man!" How shouldst thou spare us, how comprehend us; how, even, scorn!

Yet hear us, great spirit of the universe, who stand on the brink of the last precipice of our fantastic misadventure—hear our prayer! Our transgressions are as a dark mountain; our faith is a place of skulls; our treachery writhes in pallid compounds of the starving, the brutalized, the insane, the slain. But not in our faith, as it was once; not in our hope, as it is still; not in our desire to seek the highest nor in our search for abundant life are our transgressions sealed. They are in the barbaric turning back to the terrors of the clay, the retrogression to animal instinct, the wooing of oppression and despair, the relapse into the slime of ages, out of which we were brought to stand erect and to see the light.

Having survived one dark fanatic impulse to plunge back into that bloody and feral darkness, shall we now give effect to another? Having searched our souls in desperate anguish, in the loss of our most dear, in the hour of horror and affright, shall we call again upon our own destruction to cover us?

Hear us, and aid us then, great living and indwelling spirit of time and eternity! Shall we always be too feeble in mind, will, and spiritual sinew to mold our own destiny? In the night of our defeat, in the day of our misdoing, we beseech thee, As thou wert, in the ages gone, a light in great darkness, a rising wind of salvation rending the clouds of despair; and in the days of our forefathers a heaven of stars above the desert land; we, the Human Race, lift up our voice not singly, but people by people and nation after nation, crying, "Descend upon us! Breathe into us that superhuman power which is not as any power known to Man! Holy spirit of this our Pentecost, be thou heard of us, be thou known to us, dwell in us at last!"

* * *

SONNET REVISED ON A PARK BENCH

When in disgrace with hotel keepers' eyes,
I pack my bags and weep my outcast state,
And trouble the bell-hops with my outraged cries
That, five days having passed, I must vacate;
Wishing me like to one who had a lease
On castle, cottage, trailer, even tent;
Desiring some poor citizen's decease
So I might snatch his shack and damn the rent;
And in these sullen thoughts almost despairing,
Haply, I think on thee, my legal spouse,
Who left to haunt the realtors, declaring
You'd not return until you found a house
To shelter us come Hades and high water,
Then I'd change state with any landlord's daughter!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH.

* * *

Apropos of the modern reign of terror which the moving-picture moguls seem to be trying to impose upon their writers and directors, and the indirect censorship of smear which the Un-American Committee has inaugurated, let us recall the amusing flyleaf comment Mark Twain had printed in "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," copyright by Harper & Brothers in 1896:

NOTICE

Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot.

By Order of the Author,
Per G. G., Chief of Ordnance.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. have undertaken an important work in launching a new edition of the writing of John Henry Newman, edited by Charles F. Harrold, in volumes soundly planned by one of our best book designers, Robert Josephy. Three titles are now available ("Apologia pro Vita Sua," "The Idea of a University," and "A Grammar of Assent," $3.50 each) and other titles will be issued at the rate of three or four a season until an edition of some twenty volumes is in being, to effect a handsome replacement of the old stock of Newman's books, destroyed by German bombs.

In the volumes at hand—of which the first, of course, is an accredited masterpiece—there are solid rewards for thoughtful readers, whether or not they hold the faith to which the author was so famously converted. For the fact is that Newman's own faith, both as an Anglican and as a Roman Catholic, was of such a character that he never hesitated to give his intelligence full play; and, as that intelligence was of the finest order, it is always stimulating and instructive to watch it at grips with any subject whatsoever, whether it be the history of his own beliefs, the indefectibility of certitude, the scholastic heresies of the Middle Ages, the rise of scientific skepticism in the nineteenth century, the attributes of a liberal education, or the essential nature of literature. Newman may have deplored the heretical deviations of Abelard and others, but his was exactly the type of mind that fearlessly would have produced a *Sic et Non* in the twelfth century, for in Newman, as in Abelard, there was an overflowing measure of intellectual confidence.

Dr. Harrold's introductions are scholarly and useful, as far as they go, but it seems to me that an edition calculated to win a new audience for Newman should have been provided with a fairly full body of explanatory notes. The "Apologia," for example, presupposes a background knowledge of the Tractarian movement; and I gather that this knowledge is not common among the rising generation of intelligent and curious readers. Notes aside, however, we should be grateful to Longmans and Dr. Harrold for giving us Newman in well-edited, attractively printed texts.

The "Apologia" tells the story of a completed spiritual pilgrimage. In "The World of Aldous Huxley" (Harper, $3.50), edited with an excellent introduction by Charles J. Rolo, we may trace the fragmentary record of another journey in quest of certitude and peace; a journey, as yet unfinished, that has carried one of our most interesting authors from the satiric futilitarianism of "Antic Hay" into a private world of mysticism, to which we can attach with certainty no neatly familiar label. Or we may take up this omnibus volume merely for the purpose of happily encountering old favorites: "Antic Hay" itself, still the best of its school; such clever short stories as "The Gioconda Smile" and "Nuns at Luncheon"; such lethal light verse as the philosopher's songs; and a handful of engaging essays.

In "The Best Short Stories of Charles Dickens" (Scribner's $3.50), edited by Edwin Valentine Mitchell, we find not only the famous Christmas stories but other short pieces as well, little known to the present generation of readers, which display the author's extraordinary vitality and variety, and prove that Dickens could write successfully in almost any manner he chose to employ. If you doubt this ability, please consider the four parts of "Mugby Junction."

John McNulty's amusing little tales of an East Side saloon, familiar to readers of *The New Yorker*, may be found in "Third Avenue" (Grosset & Dunlap, $1). The slummers from Park Avenue find "this place" quaint, much to the distaste of its regular inhabitants; but it should be noted that Mr. McNulty also finds it quaint, and has made the quaintness pay off. Note further that such a story as "The People He Never Saw" is pure O. Henry. . . . Margaret Fishback's often witty light verse, sometimes more than merely light, has been collected in "One to a Customer" (Dutton, $3). But why so bulky a volume, in which a few lines often occupy a large page? Never were literary container and contents more incompatible. . . . In "Past All Dishonor" (Grosset, $1), purportedly a tale of Civil War days, James M. Cain has come close to writing a burlesque of one of his famous stories of lust and violence. And that, my friends, is no mean trick.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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(Continued on page 30)

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(Continued from page 29)

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

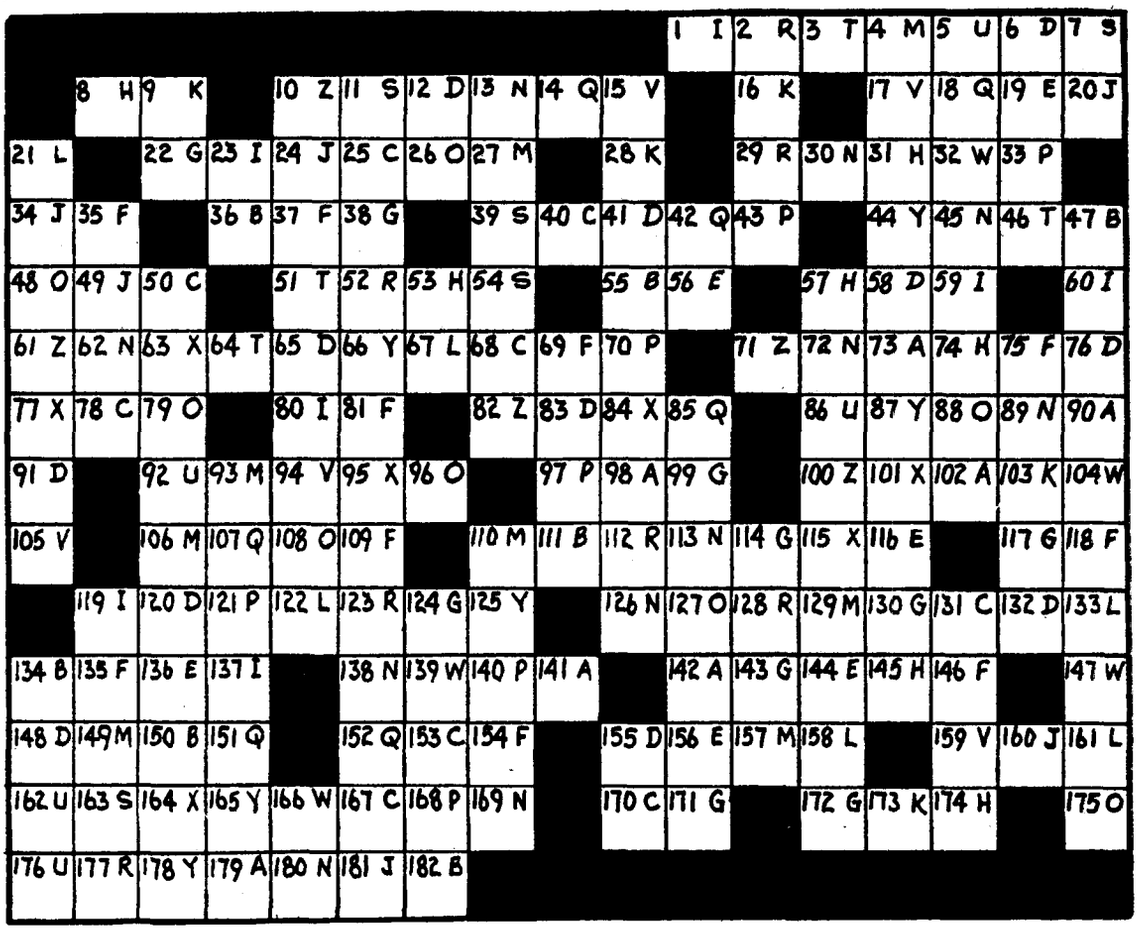
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Founder of the School of Finance, Univ. of Penn. (1826-1909).	142 98 179 102 141 73 90
B. Villainous Egyptian priest in "The Last Days of Pompei."	36 47 55 150 111 134 182
C. American Army officer, victor over Hood at Franklin and Nashville, Civil War.	167 78 153 170 131 68 40 25 50
D. An order to desist (3 wds.).	58 12 41 132 91 120 65 76 155 148 6 83
E. Greek lyric poet, 6th cent. B.C. (see Def. Y.).	156 19 56 136 144 116
F. German - American musician, conductor, composer: Met. Opera House, 1897.	135 154 75 35 69 146 109 37 118 81
G. A knife for skin-grafting (Surg.).	124 130 99 171 22 117 172 143 114 38
H. Mexican century plant, one of the chief sources of mescal.	57 174 74 31 8 145 53
I. American woman muralist and landscape painter, widow of Stieglitz.	80 1 59 137 60 119 23
J. American cartoonist and illustrator (1862-1924).	160 181 34 49 24 20
K. American painter and writer (1855-1914).	28 9 173 16 103
L. Injured by exposure to moisture, as flax, hemp, timber.	133 122 67 161 21 158

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Expressing no opinion; having no prospect.	149 106 93 27 157 129 110 4
N. Badly classified or grouped (Comp.).	126 13 72 45 169 62 89 30 138 113 180
O. Of or pertaining to death.	127 79 88 96 26 108 48 175
P. English woman physician, pioneer for women in the professions (maiden name; 1836-1917).	70 140 43 121 168 97 33
Q. Dutch poet, author of national anthem (1780-1856).	152 18 14 151 42 107 85
R. To utter (2 wds.; Colloq.).	2 177 29 52 123 128 112
S. Names of eight kings of England.	7 11 39 163 54
T. Minor character in "Antony and Cleopatra."	64 46 51 3
U. Excellent; first-rate (chiefly slang).	86 5 92 162 176
V. Reticulated.	17 159 94 105 15
W. A Celtic race of Europe.	166 147 104 32 139
X. Common to both sexes.	95 164 84 63 115 77 101
Y. Birds who revealed murder of poet in Def. E. (Gr. legend).	44 165 66 125 87 178
Z. One of the planets.	71 61 10 82 100

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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Saturday Review

OF RECORDINGS

for JANUARY, 1948

IMPRESSIONS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The affiliation of Decca Records and the American Book Company recently announced marks a step of importance in the use of records for educational purposes.* RECORDINGS *has thus invited W. W. Livengood, of the American Book Company, to be its guest editorialist this month.*

TO DATE records have discharged all too little of their potential obligations to schools. Even in connection with the teaching of music, where they have been most frequently and most consistently employed in the classroom, they have become too often a mere vehicle of entertainment or of an outmoded patter called music appreciation.

We propose to make "educational records" denote instruction in defined areas, and not peripheral "entertainment." We realize that this objective will not be easy to attain. We shall have to pioneer by way of trial and error; but the two companies have faith in each other and in the future.

Fortunately, the present Decca list has a goodly number of records that are rifled closely to our educational targets. We are now equipping this selected list with the needed teaching suggestions for various grade levels —from primary to collegiate. Teaching objectives and methods are being set up; and don't think that enjoyment is forgotten. We substitute, however, for haphazard listening a focused attention to a specific end.

Already the teacher of social studies may have her class listen to, understand, and enjoy the theme "Interdependence of Man" through the immortal speeches of Pericles, Webster, Lincoln, *et al.*, as read by Orson Welles. Or the French class may listen to Charles Boyer recite in French the notable Gallic writings on the "Principles of Democracy," from Voltaire to DeGaulle. When you hear Bing Crosby or Walter Huston or Frederic March speak the great poems celebrating the milestones in the history of America, you have welded together history and literature — our common heritage — in a bright emotional fire.

However, the present four score albums are but a beginning. We think that most subject-matter areas lend themselves to this kind of audio education. Certainly there are enough of these niches so that the method need be attempted only where it can be rationally and effectively applied. The American Book Co. is setting up the required "machinery" to discover what the schools need to have recorded in various subject fields and for widely varying audiences. Decca Records, Inc., will be ready with the talent to make the records. Music, history, civics, geography, reading, English, foreign languages—these are but a few fields in which we now know that records can function as an effective teaching agent. And these fields must be traversed throughout.

Quite a challenge, isn't it? We think so, and frankly we are very modest, and considerably awed in the presence of this new educational imponderable—audio education via records.

W. W. LIVENGOOD,
Editor, and Vice President,
The American Book Company.

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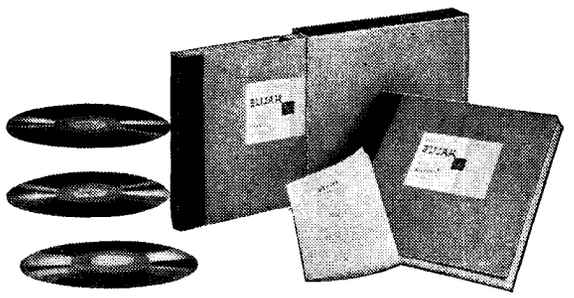

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Time to Take Stock

IRVING KOLODIN

T. S. ELIOT was thinking of something more sizable than the record year of 1947 when he wrote of the world which ends "not with a bang but a whimper"—but it is as accurate a description of it as one could invent. Unless threats of governmental action achieve a result where appeals to sweet reasonableness have failed, the record supervisors are in for an extended vacation, while the public lives on the back-log and the companies take stock.

If a recording famine is to be endured, it might not be the worst development at this moment. Taking stock, in a larger sense than the commercial one, might be of benefit to everyone concerned—and ultimately to the public. Two years of intensive operations since the war's end have flooded the market with merchandise, some of it good. But vast areas of the phonograph catalogue which are still premium merchandise remain dormant, while substitutes — sometimes identified as replacements—are offered on a take-it-or-leave-it basis.

An outgrowth of the usual American competitive pattern, it has been, as that pattern usually is, a mixed blessing. That it has stimulated enterprise is unquestionable; simultaneously it has given the artist a bargaining power which should not be his—relative to public interest—at the expense of justice to the repertory in general. Especially in the field of symphonic music, where record royalties are one of the few available ways in which box office revenues can be augmented and budgets balanced, the conductor's yearning for the prestige that comes through identification with a "big" work of the repertory accords with the obvious fact that a duplicate of the "Eroica" symphony, say, is likely to sell more than a first recording of Haydn's "La Midi." Where pride and profit coincide so neatly, there is scarcely room for other considerations.

This competitive force is at work not merely between the companies themselves—but, in more than few instances, among artists within the same family. Technological progress may argue the wisdom of a new "Eroica," but it is the need to preserve smooth artist's relations which often dictates the assignment of a recording to a specific conductor.

To consider the subject in the round, it must be recognized also that the record industry is no independent operation, but an appendage, for good or bad, of the whole world of music as it exists in America. Whether we have fine or inferior operatic recordings depends, in large measure, on whether the Metropolitan has the best available talent, or merely what it has been having lately. Whether we have the happiest combination of solo instrumentalists and conductors in concerted works depends, in large measure, on what dates are set up for concert performances among members of the same recording family. The prohibitive cost of rehearsing such performances for records alone means that only in the rarest instances are such albums produced save as a consequence of an actual performance. There is nothing either destructive or immoral about this; but it frequently results in compromises with the ideal standards that should prevail for the permanent record.

Similar factors influence the production of repertory by concert artists. The mere fact that Pianist N is a superior interpreter of Schumann to, say, Pianist A does not mean that the next "Carnaval" to be issued by their company will be Pianist N's. There must be considered such factors as: Which pianist spends more time touring? Is it mainly in North America, South America, or Europe? Which devotes more time to radio appearances? Taking one thing with another—a form of balancing in which the phonograph companies have few peers—a repertory supervisor's lot is not a happy one.

What must make the gods on high laugh inordinately is that more time, per side, is often expended on the recording of popular music than on a similar amount of art work. It is not unknown for a band or a singer to "run down" new arrangements on a record date, experiment with instrumentation and effects before making a side, take out, change, alter. The justification, of course, is purely commercial—the market is even more competitive than the "classical," the reward for a tune that "hits" much greater.

FOR all concerned, it is well that this is so. What the loyal body of phonograph enthusiasts too seldom realizes is that the production of records in the "classical genre" (meaning anything from Prokofiev's "Classical" symphony to the "B minor Mass" is not an independent, self-liquidating enterprise. No one has formulated a ratio of Perry Como to Wanda Landowska, so far as I know, or of Frank Sinatra to Schneider and Kirkpatrick. But it is clear that the relationship exists and must be reckoned with. Within the scope of the "classical" field itself there are the bread and butter items, as there are the caviar. Gade's "Jalousie" may not rank on the musical scale with the symphony No. 26 of Mozart, but it is the hundreds of thousands of the former that are sold which make possible the recording of this symphony, or Walter

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Piston's "Prelude and Allegro," or a dozen other items whose sales ceiling is predictable before they are made. So, too, it is the tens of thousands of "Gayne" ballet suites that are sold which make possible a Mahler No. 4 and a Mahler No. 5—possibly, in time, Nos. 6, 7, and 8.

Acceptance of these realities does not mean that one need swallow whole the limitations of repertory practised in this country. For there are intangible factors—in the appeal of music usually considered of "limited" interest—which are too often ignored. A conspicuous example is the current status of the works of Mozart in the repertory of the Metropolitan. It is only within the past decade that they have been written in, as a firm segment of the repertory, on a three-a-year schedule comparable with the works of Puccini. One redoubtable artist—Ezio Pinza—has a large share of this credit; but an even larger share goes to the Glyndebourne recordings of "Don Giovanni" and "Figaro," also the Beecham "Magic Flute" whose appearance was suspiciously contemporaneous with the public acceptance of this music in the opera house.

Cause and effect may not be so easily exerted in the symphonic field, which has no such centralized focus as the Metropolitan. But it is conceivable that if a different Mozart concerto were recorded each time there is a duplication of Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Rachmaninoff, and Liszt, some dividend might accrue to the company with that much enterprise. Actually, the plan would be a commercial bonanza; for if a taste for the Mozart concerti could be stimulated, there are twenty-five for the piano alone that could be recorded and rerecorded at much more frequent intervals than the single items of the composers noted above. Victor's catalogue of Mozart concerti is not without credit; but most of them are mechanically dated, if available for actual purchase at all.

Reference to the LETTERS page of this current issue will produce some evidence that bears lightly on this point. Cantaloube's "Chants d'Auvergne" are the work of an obscure composer, with no concert-hall repertory, and scarcely any celebrity of any sort. But the Madeleine Gray recording of a dozen years back has left an imprint on many minds which would assure a success for a re-issue of it, preferably by the same artist. One could cite a dozen other works which have long been in want of revival, but which have fallen into obscurity for want of "good connections" or favorable publicity. The sub-

(*Continued on page 50*)

Highlights of the Year

ALBUMS

Symphonies

Berlioz:	"Romeo and Juliet," Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra (Victor).
Mahler:	Symphony No. 5, Walter and the Philharmonic-Symphony (Columbia).
Mendelssohn:	"Reformation," Beecham and the London Philharmonic (Victor).
Mozart:	Symphony No. 20, Edvard Fendler and a chamber orchestra (Vox).
Mozart:	"Jupiter" symphony. Toscanini and NBC Orchestra (Victor).
Schubert:	Symphony in C (No. 9), Walter and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia).

Miscellaneous Orchestral

Britten:	"Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra," Malcolm Sayron and the London Philharmonic (Columbia).
Falla:	"El Amor Brujo," Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra with Carol Brice (Columbia).
Handel:	"The Great Elopement," Beecham and the London Philharmonic (Victor).
Ravel:	"Daphnis and Chloe" suites 1 and 2, Charles Münch and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra (English Decca).
Strauss, R.:	"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony (Columbia).

Concertos

Bartók:	Concerto No. 3, Gyorgy Sandor, piano, and the Philadelphia Orchestra directed by Ormandy (Columbia).
Beethoven:	Concerto in D, Joseph Szigeti, violin, and the Philadelphia Orchestra directed by Ormandy (Columbia).
Chopin:	Concerto in F minor, Artur Rubinstein, and the NBC Orchestra directed by William Steinberg (Victor).
Prokofiev:	Concerto No. 3, Dimitri Mitropoulos, piano soloist and conductor of the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra (Columbia).

Vocal

Bach:	Mass in B minor, Robert Shaw, the Collegiate Chorale and soloists (Victor).
Handel:	"Messiah," Malcolm Sargent, the Liverpool Philharmonic and Huddersfield Choral Society (Columbia).
Mendelssohn:	"Elijah," same as above.

Chamber Music

Beethoven:	"Rasoumovsky" quartets, Paganini Quartet (Victor).
Franck:	Sonata in A, Zino Francescatti, violin, and Robert Casadeseus, piano (Columbia).
Mozart:	Quartet in E flat, George Szell and members of the Budapest Quartet (Columbia).
Mozart:	Quintet in A, Reginald Kell, clarinet, and the Philharmonia Quartet (Columbia).

SINGLE RECORDS

Orchestral

Handel:	"Christmas Music" ("Messiah"), Leopold Stokowski and his Orchestra (Victor).
Herold:	"Zampa" Overture, Basil Cameron conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra (EDA).
Mozart:	Symphony No. 26, Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor).
Ravel:	"Pavanne for a Dead Infante," same as above (Victor).
Tchaikovsky:	"Waltz" and "Polonaise" ("Eugen Onegin"), Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic (Victor).
Wagner:	"Meistersinger" Overture, Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra (Victor).

Instrumental

Chopin:	"Ballade in A flat," Guiomar Novaes (Columbia).
Schumann:	"Aufschwung," Ania Dorfman (Victor).

Vocal

Handel:	"Care Selve," Ada Alsop, soprano (EDA).
Mendelssohn:	"O Rest in the Lord" ("Elijah"), Katherine Ferrier, contralto (EDA).
Massenet:	"Mort du Thais," Dorothy Kirsten, soprano, and Robert Merrill, baritone (Victor).
Verdi:	"D'Amor Sull'all Rosee" ("Trovatore"), Zinka Milanov, soprano (Victor).

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"Messiah" Made Modern

THOMAS BEECHAM

DURING the past 200 years no great choral work has been played so frequently as Handel's "Messiah." Yet it is safe to declare that during the last 150 there cannot have been anywhere more than a handful of performances of full artistic integrity. There are two main reasons for this unfortunate fact: firstly the general misunderstanding of the nature of Handel's music, and, secondly, the continued refusal on the part of those responsible for the giving of it to observe the composer's own wishes respecting the conditions of its performance.

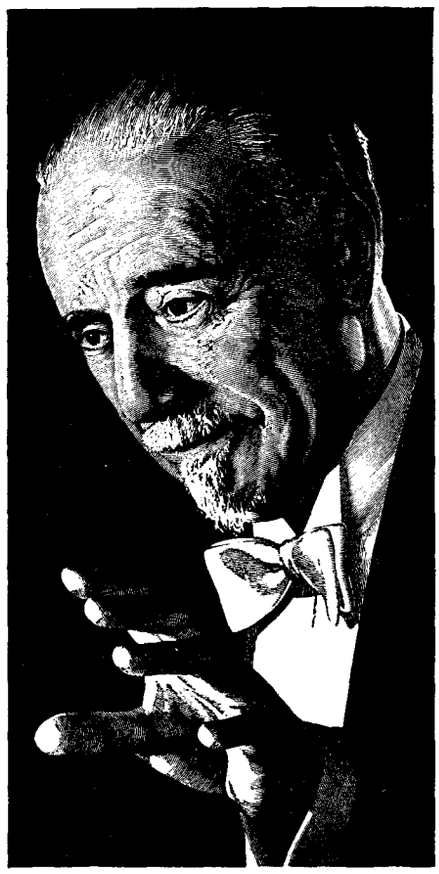
The key to any just comprehension of Handel's immense output lies in the recognition of the obvious truth, that from beginning to end this master was a dramatist and a romantic. The greater part of his working life was spent in the service of the theatre, and it matters not whether he labels a piece an opera, a serenade, a concerto, or a pastiche; the fundamental mood is that of the stage. Everything in which voices take a part must be viewed from this angle, not excepting the oratorios which are almost without exception sacred operas. Anyone who listens to this music with patient attention will perceive why I have used the term "romantic"; and it is difficult to grasp why this element, which is almost entirely absent from the work of his contemporaries, makes but an occasional appearance in Mozart, to which Haydn was almost a stranger, and which does not revisit to occupy the scene of European music until the nineteenth century, should be so persistently overlooked.

But perhaps more important than all else is Handel's unique position as the one completely European composer in the international sense of the word. He had no desire or aspiration to create a national style, something which we are beginning to perceive may have embarrassing disabilities; and more comprehensively than any creative artist before him or since was he the good European according to the meaning of the expression as used by Goethe and Nietzsche. He could, at will, adopt the differing idioms of Germany, Italy, France, and England, and in each of them he surpassed the native workman at his own task. Until we approach his work from this starting point and transport our imaginations back to the eighteenth century, when Europe had a culture common to all its nations or peoples, we shall fail to appreciate and interpret the creations of this master.

Although our composer had at his disposal for certain exceptional occasions large executive forces numbering sometimes hundreds of performers, he could seldom command for the ordinary representation of any of his forty oratorios more than seventy or eighty all told, this number being made up of singers and players in fairly equal proportions. But during the fifty years that followed his death the choral societies devoted to the practice of music such as this grew considerably in size, and by the turn of the century the large chorus as we know it today had established itself permanently in every town of consequence in Great Britain and Germany. The prime ill effect of this choral growth was the disappearance of the perfect balance between vocalists and instrumentalists under the old Handelian scheme, since now there was to be found a body of 200 to 400 voices, matched not with a more or less equal number of players but a comparatively small orchestral group of forty or fifty.

IN SPITE of the development of the orchestra during the nineteenth century, or it may be because of it, the average big choral society grew greater and greater until there could be heard at celebrations such as the Handel Festivals held periodically at the Crystal Palace outside London a choric assembly of as many as 5,000, supported by an orchestra not one-twentieth its size. Happy experiences for the enthusiasts who took part in these monster shows, but melancholy trials for the knowledgeable admirer of Handel! For the gigantic roll and reverberation of swelling sound succeeded completely in muddying or obscuring a polyphonic style of vocal writing unapproached by any other composer for variety of mood, pictorial device, and ingenuity of form.

Now a casual study of the greater choral works, particularly those of dramatic character such as Belshazzar, Hercules, or Solomon, reveals the clear possibility of an exceptionally wide range of tonal effect. The simpler and grander choruses can be executed by



Sir Thomas Beecham: "The prolonged sound of huge masses of vocal tone tends to generate some weariness of the flesh."

a large number of voices with impressive results if supported by an instrumental accompaniment of like weight. Others gain nothing but rather lose if sung by more than a moderate quantity, and this is especially the case with those of the lighter sort containing florid passages demanding some ease of agility of execution. It is for these reasons that in the recorded version, which will shortly make its appearance, I have made use of four separate choral groups of varying dimensions:

(a) A small body of forty-two, wholly professional
(b) A somewhat larger body of sixty, also professional
(c) A semi-chorus of 120, composed of professionals and amateurs in equal parts
(d) A full chorus of about 250, where the amateurs are in an inevitable predominance

I do not think that it is now questioned anywhere that the prolonged sound of huge masses of vocal tone tends to generate in the listener some weariness of the flesh. I trust that it will be admitted that, through the variety of the effects herein attempted, some of this potential monotony will have been avoided.

The new Beecham "Messiah" will be his second on records; its predecessor was for years the standard for recorded Handel.

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Watering Down on Wax

Children Want and Can Take the Best

MARIA CIMINO

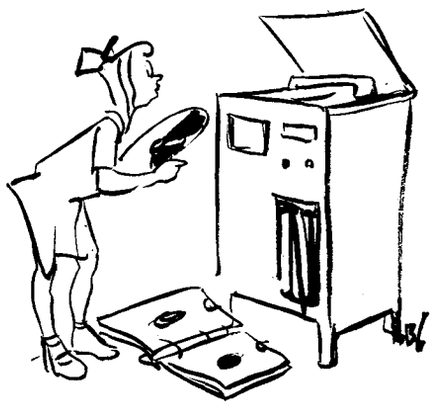
THE EXUBERANT outpouring of records for children during the last few years and the recent frantic efforts to fill the reservoir before Mr. Petrillo's new ban goes into effect leave no doubt of the widespread awareness that the entertainment and education of children is an exceedingly profitable enterprise. Unfortunately, there is little indication as yet of an equal awareness that the making of records for children is a responsibility; that children's minds need good nourishment as much as their bodies do.

Prospective buyers, hunting the right record for a child, are confronted with a circus of lures: high-pressure advertising, elaborate packaging, the exploitation of big names from the stage and screen and radio. How many have the time and patience and knowledge to cut through this pretentious camouflage and see the shoddiness and inadequacy of the average product? It is not surprising, then, that so many manufacturers of records, sometimes draping themselves in the mantles of educators, have been able to foist their vulgar and hackneyed adulterations of story and music upon an unprepared and preoccupied public. The children need good records. The parents want good records. But good intentions go for nothing in a field where standards are not clear and the pressure of big business is persistent.

The root of the difficulty is the comparative newness of the industry and its growing tendency to model itself upon (or take shape under the same pressures as) the other new entertainment industries, the movies and the radio. The makers of children's records are on the same road towards the submergence of artist and educator and the dominance of mass production and advertising. Walt Disney and the depressing uncles and bogeymen of radio are the prevailing guides and we are in for an era of recorded goo and bla, unless the few hopeful tendencies now visible on the scene grow much stronger.

And yet, in the field of children's books there is a prime example of how children's needs can be met properly and without sacrifice of profits. Despite occasional forays from the movies and radio, the bulk of books for children is still being produced by the established book publishers. And what a good job for children they do, compared with the movies and radio and recording companies! Children's book departments are in the hands of experienced editors who know their field and take pride in their work. Taste, judgment, imagination, and insight into children's likes and interests are permitted to operate without losing touch with the market and yet without being swamped by shortsighted greed. The leading children's book departments avoid the shallow temptation of quick returns and the corresponding early mortality implicit in specious novelty and rapidly transient fads. The best writers, illustrators, and designers available are encouraged and aided to make books of solid worth and lasting appeal.

If any of the recording companies is ever to get out a list from which a buyer of taste and intelligence can choose the right record for his child, instead of the present hodgepodge of trash with an occasional good or passable record, it must bring to the task a minimum equipment of imagination, good taste, knowledge of children, and knowledge of art. All the good stories and music in the world, from the first nursery songs heard in the cradle onward, are a child's rightful heritage. And he should get them straight. What makes any record maker think that tales like "Little Red Riding Hood" or "The Three Little Pigs," which have stood the test of centuries of telling, now have to be made maudlin or saccharine before a child can understand or enjoy them? How many parents will admit their children are dullards or fools? Will they continue buying records fashioned for dolts, in which mincing voices mouth condescending inanities?



Children lack only experience. They have all the alertness, receptivity, and intelligence they will ever have. Experience can but quicken or retard their natural gifts. Unless their natural appetite is destroyed or deformed by constant poor provender, they want the best and they want it straight. Ask any children's librarian if you can fob off a fancy compilation of pseudo-scientific fripperies on a boy interested in machinery. The youngest child coming into a library knows his planes and trains well enough not to be fooled. He goes on searching till he finds the book he wants.

Listening to music on records should extend the child's enjoyment and knowledge of music. The records should be planned by specialists who know the audience for which they are intended and the realities of their world. The best in substance and performance should be made available, without condescension, to the music audience of tomorrow. Whatever forms are presented, symphony or folk song, opera or jazz, should be given at their true level and without infiltration from the vulgarizations of the screen or radio.

THE MOST promising approach to these standards in this year's output of music for children was attained by two minor firms. Disc in the "Young Folksay Series" presents American folk music that is sound in quality, straightforward and attractive in performance. The composers and performers, Woody Guthrie, Peter Seeger, Leadbelly, and others, know their material intimately and give it without fanfare and pretense, but with the utmost naturalness and grace. The Young People's Record Club, working along different lines, has a good program in which progressive educators and musicians are trying an integrated approach to the musical development of young children. Their records, planned for pre-school and elementary school children, are fresh, musically sound, and interesting.

The major firms turned out a few good things, but mostly on more conservative lines. Decca has a fine new "Peter and the Wolf" with Frank Luther as narrator and an excellent album of French folk songs with Louis Chartier. Whether or not one likes the performance (I don't particularly), Columbia's "Hansel and Gretel" is the real opera and not a tasteless dilution, and that is what children are entitled to. Columbia also has a first-rate new work, Britten's "Young Person's

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Guide to the Orchestra." I know nothing expressly written for children, since "Peter and the Wolf," as good as this. Victor specially packages for children some of its suitable Red Seals.

Students of public taste will be interested in the chief musical atrocities of the season. Classic in its "Young People's Opera House" series reduces grand opera to bad musical comedy. In its latest issue Offenbach's scintillating aria for coloratura is deformed into a patter song which is supposed to introduce children to the "Tales of Hoffman." Vox in its "Music Appreciation Discs" provides introductions for children to the work of famous composers in the form of poorly selected and played pieces interspersed with biographical comments by well-known actors. Its latest issue on Schumann is as dull as its predecessors. Musicraft does the "Nutcracker Suite," "Sorcerer's Apprentice," and a selection from "Peer Gynt" brown; the listener has the choice of being bored by Milton Cross on the first two or irritated by Artie Shaw on the last. Bad as all these are, they rarely sound such depths as the comic-strip titles turned out by Capitol, Crown, and others. "Bugs Bunny," "Happy the Humbug," "Bozo and the Circus," are typical specimens; shoddy music, clumsy comedy, and an utter lack of all point characterize these immigrants from the radio steerage.

The best storytelling on records is done by Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen, an artist with sound knowledge of her field and great talent. Her first records, made under the sponsorship of the American Library Association in 1944, included some of the Norse hero and folk tales, and "Sleeping Beauty." Victor is producing stories taken from her collection "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon." "When the Husband Kept House," "The Farmer's Bride," and "The Pancake" are superb tellings, full of wisdom and humor, and will entertain any child or adult. Frank Luther is her closest competitor. His excellent work on Decca records almost equals hers for natural and easy delivery, and regard for the integrity of the material. I have mentioned his "Peter and the Wolf" above and his "Babar" is just as good.

There is a fallow field awaiting any maker of records who has the courage to set his standards high, aim at true art, and steer clear of vulgarity and condescension. The year's product is top-heavy at a low level, but there is enough progress in the right direction to afford some hope for the future.

Maria Cimino is associate librarian in charge of the central children's room of the New York Public Library.

Le Jazz Lukewarm

HUGUES PANASSIE

ALL ART forms are constantly changing. Jazz music is no exception. It has been changing at an incredible speed since its birth. Some jazz critics would have us believe that every new change is an improvement. This is not true. It is a mistake to believe that art always progresses. This is true only of science, where every new discovery helps those who follow.

In music, it is not so: the main thing is the artistic gift. When a great musician dies, his work may inspire other musicians, but, if they are not as gifted as he was, their music won't be so great. Otherwise, any modern composer for the concert hall would be better than Bach or Mozart.

Jazz music is not better or worse today than jazz music of twenty years ago. It may have improved as far as instrumental technique is concerned, for jazz musicians have been working hard on their instruments, but that is all. The inspiration does not depend on a definite period.

If we consider jazz music of today generally, we immediately notice that there are a lot of different styles—more than there ever were. In the first place, there are musicians who stick to the good old tradition of jazz. But, in this category, we find two very different types: first, musicians who content themselves with a carbon copy of what was done in the old days. To this category belong most of the small groups which are referred to as "Dixieland-style" bands (or even *Nick*sieland at times!), or very old musicians like Bunk Johnson, who, for instance, plays the very same stuff he was playing forty years ago but without the virtues he probably had in his youth: at least, his Victor records are very poor music and can only justify criticisms made against the New Orleans style by some critics.

In the other category, we also find great old-time musicians, or their disciples, who still use the original idiom of jazz, known as New Orleans style, but with new and inspired ideas instead of repeating the same thing. Good examples of this are the wonderful "King Jazz" records made by Milton Mezzrow and Sidney Bechet, such as "Gone Away Blues," "Out of the Gallion," "Ole Miss." A new tonal balance is obtained by the use of a soprano sax and clarinet in the melody section; these New Orleans-style records differ very much from the old ones, although they are full of the same musical spirit. Other examples are some of Louis Armstrong's new Victor records. For instance, the wonderful last ensemble chorus (entirely improvised) of "Where the Blues Were Born in New Orleans" has the old traditional balance (trumpet-trombone-clarinet) but the way Louis, Kid Ory, and Barney Bigard play is very different from Louis's old records, though just as great. Baby Dodds's wonderful drum solos, "Drum Improvisation No. I" (Circle), "Spooky Drums," "Tom Tom Work Out" (Disc), are another example of New Orleans-style records of a kind that had never been done before.

NOW, LET US consider the musicians who developed new forms from the first style of jazz. In this category, two great big bands, Fletcher Henderson's and Duke Ellington's, gave birth to the good "arranged" style of jazz, which has been very happily developed since. Today, this style is represented at its best by Count Basie and Lionel Hampton's bands—also by orchestras such as Erskine Hawkins's and Cootie Williams's. Here, we have powerful ensembles and repeated riffs, mixed with improvised solos backed by other riffs. The value of this type of music depends above all on the "beat" it is played with. Basie's band is wonderful at that. Such records as "The Mad Boogie," "The King," "Mutton Leg," (all three on Columbia) and "One O'Clock Boogie" (on Victor) are among the best records he has made

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during these past years. Lionel Hampton's performances are of a rather similar type, but with more instrumental brilliance: "Beulah's Boogie," "Flying Home No. 2," "Air Mail Special," "Adam Blew His Hat" (all on Decca) are typical examples.

Of course, Duke Ellington is still the best big band. The Duke is always developing new ideas, which does not mean—contrary to what some critics say—that his older works suffer by comparison; they are different, that's all. Duke's band is a peculiar case, because it can play the best of all big-band jazz when its leader wants to, but for the last few years Ellington has produced a lot of music which leans towards the "legitimate" kind, tending to the concert form. Wonderful harmonizations and tonal effects are used in both cases, but I enjoy Duke's work much more when he sticks to the jazz idiom, for that is where I find him the most original. Good recent jazz efforts on records by Duke are "Happy-Go-Lucky Local," "Jam-a-Ditty," "Trumpet No End" (on Musicraft).

Several white bands have tried, like Duke's, to mix "legitimate" music with jazz. Such is the case with Stan Kenton's "Artistry in Jump," and some of Boyd Raeburn's records. This, to my mind, is the sad side of present-day jazz. While Duke is a musician of genius who can afford to make the most peculiar researches, the others can't. They lose the jazz virtues and remain far below the level of the modern legitimate composers. This is to me a great waste of time.

Oddly enough, the style of most of the small groups of today has been inspired by the big-band style of the latter years. There is no more ensemble improvisation. The tune will be stated (often in unison, not harmonization) by two or three instruments, then some soloists will "get off" and the band comes back to an ensemble similar to that of the opening. Very good performances of that type have been recorded by J. C. Heard's small combination for Continental: "The Walk," "Bouncing for Barney" — Don Byas's "Jamboree Jump" (on Jamboree).

Small bebop bands use the same routine, but their ensemble arrangements are generally faster and the solo work more complicated,—often to the point of lacking both beat and melody. This is not meant as a condemnation of the bebop style in itself. The truth is that this style could be exploited in order to make good music, but this has mostly not been the case until now. Bebop has not grown up yet, musicians don't know yet how to use it well. They

(*Continued on page* 48)

Stan Kenton tries, like Duke, "to mix 'legitimate' music with jazz."

"Illinois Jacquet, tenor sax star."

"Hawkins has given us great records."

—*Photos by Bill Gottlieb.*

Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet man, whose bebop music "has not grown up yet."

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THE OTHER SIDE

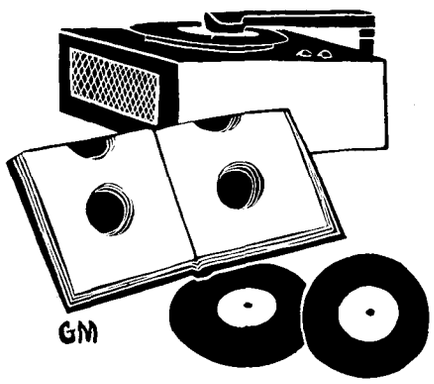
SWITZERLAND.

PRE-WAR Switzerland's contribution to recorded musical literature consisted of sentimental songs in the Schwizertütsch dialect, yodeling, and a repertory of syrupy melodies played by even more syrupy violin - accordion - piano ensembles. Such records, though apparently providing unbounded delight to the Swiss, were hardly calculated to afford much international appeal. The war and its aftermath changed all this. Switzerland was pushed out of its provincial rut into a recording center of international importance. The extent of this country's record renascence will shortly be evident to American collectors, as the first of a series of Swiss orchestral discs are slated for U.S. release in 1948.

From yodeling to "La Mer" and the Brahms Double Concerto was a metamorphosis as swift as it was complete. It started in 1941, when the German conquest of Europe severed Swiss record distributors from their main source of supply: England. The musical fare offered by Continental concerns was of a distinctly uneven quality. Swiss record collectors were as little interested in the esoteric French music being then recorded in Paris as they were in the clanking military music of the "We're Sailing Against England" variety which was being pushed by German firms. It did not take record companies in Switzerland long to conclude that charity begins at home.

Since Swiss wartime recording was primarily concerned with replacing former British imports, many duplications were made of standard works. These discs, all recorded between 1941 and 1945, were products of love. Switzerland's population of seven million affords so limited a market that classical recordings made solely for international consumption just cannot pay. Thus, one of Swiss Columbia's "best sellers," Mozart's "D Major Divertimento" (K.126) played by the Zürich Collegium Musicum, has sold a mere 500 copies since being issued in 1942.

With the end of the war, recording in Switzerland entered a new, and for American consumers, more interesting phase. In 1946 the large international record combines with headquarters in England began looking about for new artists and orchestras with which to enrich war-starved catalogues. They discovered in Switzerland an ideal hunting ground. Here was a country offering not only a flourishing musical culture, but all requisite conveniences for the complicated job of recording: easy transportation, dependable power supplies, etc. The first foreign recording "invasion" was carried out by English Columbia. During the Lucerne Festival of 1946 this firm recorded Brahms's Fourth Symphony under the direction of Paul Kletzki (LCX 109/13). These discs, made by English engineers in the Lucerne Kunsthaus, are already procurable in the United States.



A few months later, in the spring of 1947, Switzerland was invaded again, this time by English Decca, which also brought along its own technicians and recording gear. During the ensuing weeks many waxings were cut of Switzerland's two finest orchestras, the Suisse Romande and Zürich Tonhalle. Conductors included Ernest Ansermet, Carl Schuricht, Leo Blech (well known for his pre-war German discs) and Hans Knappertsbusch. American discophiles should find especially impressive the recordings of the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande under its permanent conductor Ernest Ansermet. As an interpreter of modern music Ansermet has few equals, and the quality of his French Swiss orchestra will easily stand comparison with the best American or Parisian ensembles. I suspect that Ansermet's recording of "La Mer" (K 1606/8) will offer Koussevitsky's famous version some pretty stiff competition. Watch for the release of this recording, as well as for the Brahms Double Concerto with Georg Kulenkampff and Enrico Mainardi as soloists, the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande being conducted in this instance by Carl Schuricht. I should add that Decca's Swiss masters were made in broadcasting studios, and though possessing familiar FFRR brilliance, they lack somewhat the fine resonant depth which distinguishes Kingsway Hall recording at its best.

The most recent foreign recording sessions took place during Lucerne's 1947 Festival. At that time, the Lucerne Festival Orchestra (a composite ensemble of the best instrumentalists from Switzerland's several permanent orchestras) under Wilhelm Fürtwänger, with Yehudi Menuhin, recorded the Beethoven Violin Concerto. In time, Victor will doubtless repress this recording which was made under HMV auspices.

Apparently every traveler who comes to Switzerland feels impelled to enthuse about its complete lack of material shortages. As a consequence, Americans by now are probably extremely impatient with any further descriptions of this country as a land of plenty. Still, I cannot help chronicling the rare pleasure of being able to find music stores which stock every item in the catalogues and which provide modern phonographs, in listening rooms that are really soundproofed. In this day and age, it is almost too much!

ROLAND GELATT.

RECORDINGS *SURVEY*

A FURTHER tabulation of opinion expressed through the survey published in the September issue of RECORDINGS shows the following trends: The most convincing desire of record owners is for librettos to be included with their opera albums. Seventy-eight percent of those responding were in favor of this, only three percent opposed. A wish for the texts of song cycles to be included in complete recordings was expressed by seventy-five percent of those answering, and three percent thought the English text was sufficient. Notes would be improved by the inclusion of more musical analysis, by the vote of sixty-six percent, though thirty-three percent deemed more historical information desirable. Separate booklets have a strong appeal for fifty-seven percent of the voters, with only six percent of them content with the notes as they now are. Albums with photographs found favor with twenty-seven percent of the responders, and twelve percent would approve the omission of all text if it would reduce record costs. Readers who have not yet voted are urged to do so, in time for a final tabulation.

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Reviews of the Month

The stars are in favorable conjunction for a good musical horoscope this month—the special stars being Maggie Teyte, who has some choice French music in her orbit, Andre Segovia, Claudio Arrau, Alexander Brailowsky exerting Polar magnetism on the complete etudes of Chopin. Venus reigns where Erica Morini bows Tchaikovsky, and Jupiter-Toscanini is in ascendancy over Schubert and Mozart. Note, too, a dim new star named Neveu.

Maggie Teyte sings with a kind of "experienced certainty."

Caviar and White Wine

GRETRY: *Arias from "Zémire et Azor," and "Le Tableau Parlant," also others by Monsigny, Dourlen, and Pergolesi. Maggie Teyte, soprano, with orchestra directed by Jean Paul Morel.* (Victor album No. MO 1169, $3.40.)

The function of caviar being to precede everything else and make what follows more palatable, one may honor both inclination and reason in serving notice of this remarkable album at the head of the month's menu. It will hardly draw as heavily on Victor's supply of shellac as, say, the new Tschaikovsky violin concerto noted elsewhere, but it will certainly still be an active item in the catalogue when Miss Morini's album has gone the way of all flash. It is an experience of sheer delight, and a credit to all concerned.

Principally it is a credit to Miss Teyte for her choice of the superb material: which is pure melodic joy and musical exhilaration. Nothing like the Gretry material from the operas noted above have come our way in too long a time, and the "Adieu, chère Louise" from Monsigny's "Le Déserteur" introduces us to a composer of great expressive gifts. There is one bad vocal spot in the second Gretry air, but otherwise Miss Teyte sings with her own kind of experienced certainty in a voice that preserves a remarkably girlish timber. Those who cherish the fine Teyte performance from "La Périchole" on an old Decca disc will know just what I mean. Morel suits the mood of the occasion admirably, and the recording is first class.

Magnetized by Schumann

SCHUMANN: *"Kreisleriana." Claudio Arrau, piano.* (Columbia album No. MM 716, $7.10.)

It has always seemed a great pity that Fritz, of violin fame, who has some repute as a pianist, didn't develop enough skill to honor these sketches on the character of his Viennese namesake. Lacking that nominal identity, or the spiritual kind which Cortot supplied in his no-longer-available album for Victor, one accepts with reasonable grace the purely intellectual sort provided by Arrau. He is, plainly, an interpreter magnetized by the pull of Schumann, as other performances and albums attest; the attraction, however, is not quite reciprocal.

The difficulty appears here, as in those, that, while Arrau responds easily and without affectation to the active, aggressive Schumann, he is a little less at ease with the reflective, capricious—and more elusive—Schumann. Thus the faster sections are consistently well played, with even energy and faultless accents; the slower sections are now exaggerated, now undervalued as though Arrau were balancing one treatment against the other. It all suggests the kind of tailoring which goes by the name of ready-made; and, as such, is as good as that market usually offers. Something custom-made would be preferable. Arrau's piano is reproduced with more fidelity to the middle than the bottom or top register; in totality, no more than acceptably.

Bach To Segovia

BACH: *Six Sonatas for violin and harpsichord, played by Alexander Schneider and Ralph Kirkpatrick.* (Columbia album M 719, $19.20.) *"Chaconne" from Partita in D minor, Andre Segovia, guitar.* (Musicraft album No. 85, $3.)

The spade work done for these works (by Schwarz and Ehlers) has apparently inspired Schneider and Kirkpatrick to this deeper penetration. The fact, however, is that this music is neither Bach at his most expressive nor Bach at his most complex; with the two impulses so closely balanced that an aurel lassitude sets in at about Sonata No. 4, for want of some wilful, passionate, distorted devotion to one attitude or the other. The playing, though clean and incisive, is microphoned to the advantage of the violin, whose normal predominance over the harpsichord is thus emphasized.

Though the prospect seems hardly enticing, Segovia's transcription of the "Chaconne" amounts to a remarkably plausible thing, sounding in most respects like a one-handed performance on the harpischord. Unfortunately, the artist is not so well suited to the music as his transcription is to the instrument. He has too much fondness for rounded melodic lines, a resistance to some angularities specified by Bach. The odd-side "Gavotte" in E is more properly played. Both are successful recordings.

Disintegrating Pressure

SCHUBERT: *Symphony in C (No. 9), with Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony.* (Victor album 1171, $9.45) MOZART: *Symphony in D (No. 35, "Haffner"). The same.* (Victor album No. 1172, $4.20.)

As object lessons in how well music can be played and still render small justice to a composer, these two albums are almost unique. The Schubert, in particular, is performed with so many small virtues that the total should, automatically, be staggering. But even as Toscanini works his miracles of clarification and illumination, one feels the spirit and texture of the music disintegrating under the pressure he applies. He is not so much challenged by the music as obsessed by it; and when he has finished flinging the final cadences to the winds, one knows that its secret has still eluded him.

Perhaps that is why, after the first measured horn call, the strings enter not piano, as the score indicates, but

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mezzo forte; and from there on, every gradation is likewise magnified, every effect intensified, disproportionately. It is all done with superb élan, often with too much brio, and never with anything less than complete absorption. But the simplicity of spirit which Schubert imagined in the andante, or the rollicking humor of the scherzo, are not Toscanini's to match. By contrast, Walter, a humbler craftsman, no such eagle-eyed discerner of inner voices and outer meanings, has his heart in this work, the work in his heart.

The "Haffner" is a simpler matter, and even smaller credit to Toscanini than the Schubert, since it offers a lesser problem. The music runs, but doesn't ripple; the notes are struck off like so much bas-relief, but with no more color or pulsation of life. As well as being cold and lifeless, the minuet is also graceless—an inferior imitation of the same section in his previous recording. The recorded sound of the Schubert is brightly clear; but it is, say, a winter midnight starshine, rather than a spring high-noon sunlight. The Mozart is good, straightforward NBC; but also a little shallow. A note about the odd-sides: For the Schubert, it is a "Midsummer Night's Dream" scherzo, which builds to a climax befitting the "Sorcerer's Apprentice"; for the Mozart, a "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" ("Orfeo") which is not in the class of the old Philharmonic-Toscanini one.

IRVING KOLODIN.

Blueprint and Bible

CHOPIN: *Etudes (Opus 10 and 25, also 3 "Etudes Nouvelles"). Alexander Brailowsky, piano.* (Victor album 1171, $9.45).

It can be said with justice that more of the essential Chopin is concentrated in the etudes than in any other single group of his works. Certainly the two sonatas, the scherzi and the F minor fantasia have wider poetic range; but nowhere else in the Polish composer's long gallery of piano music is there to be found a more concise cross-section of his lyrical ideas and technical methods. The result is the blueprint of keyboard virtuosity, the bible of modern piano playing. Musically, these twenty-four brief works—with their tremendous variety of mood and structure—are no etudes but magnificent concert pieces.

It is good to have them now in a complete album. The twelve etudes of Opus 10 have been recorded previously by Alfred Cortot, and those of Opus 25 by Edward Kilenyi. Mr. Brailowsky's current edition of both

sets, plus the "Three New Etudes" (Chopin's rather neutral contribution to an instruction book by Moscheles and Fètis) is an important contribution to record literature and, on the whole, comes off well.

Best among his performances are the "Winter Wind" etude (No. 11, in A minor) of the second book, played with authority and fire, and several studies from the first book: No. 1, with its forthright arpeggio figuration; No. 2, marked by a particularly clean and even chromatic line; No. 4, in which the recurrent sixteenth-note figures come off with brilliant articulation; No. 5, the celebrated "Black Key" etude, nicely paced and played; No. 8, which for my taste is the finest in the set, being delivered with stunning bravura and that kind of brittle quality which occasionally enhances Brailowsky's playing instead of marring it, and No. 12, the "Revolutionary," delivered with sweep and dignity.

All of these etudes are linear in scope. Brailowsky has fared less well with those that are coloristic. The best among the latter are No. 11 of the first book, with its delicate, arpeggiated melodic line, in which the pianist displays an unexpected sensitivity and preoccupation with tonal values; and the Lento section of the Op. 25 etude in octaves (No. 10), the most strikingly fluid and lyrical playing in the collection. The famous E major etude of Book 1, which has been heard on the popular market under the name of "Tristesse" and other titles, is adequately done but with a rather perplexing rubato.

The etudes are not recorded in consecutive order. There is plenty of waste record space on the sixteen sides that make up the album, some of the studies running to no more than half the surface of the individual disc. It would seem that there remains in this music, expressively and acoustically, something more than Mr. Brailowsky has brought out. His is a two-dimensional tone—at least on records—and his style, in music that often calls for charm, is more direct than endearing.

ROBERT LAWRENCE.

Little G, Little S

DESPITE the presence in this country of the D'Oyly Carte Company for the first time since the war, and the stimulated interest in Gilbert and Sullivan which will follow the records of G and S are less available than for many years past. It is understood that the Savoyards have left their previous affiliation to record for English Decca, but that arrangement will not show results for some time.

Puzzling, then, is the discovery that only "Mikado," of all their past recordings, is generally available from Victor (DC 26, $12.50). Additional to this is a collection of excerpts from "Gondoliers," "Pirates of Penzance," etc., also conducted by Isadore Godfrey (Victor DC 23, $4.25), but credited to an anonymous Light Opera Company, not the D'Oyly Carte.

If one wants such other staples of the G and S repertory as the complete "Princess Ida," "Patience," "Gondoliers," "Pinafore," "Ruddigore," or "Iolanthe," they will be available as importations, at the increased price usually charged for such items. Whether this is due to poor staff work or ineffective liaison, the oversight seems slightly more than unpardonable. The prices are too rough to be offered the readers of RECORDINGS; they should signify their rejection of a step-up from $10.50, say, to $25, for "Patience," or from $9.50 to $22.50 for "Pinafore" by demonstrating more patience, consumer-wise, than Victor has offered them.

Columbia has an abridged "Iolanthe" conducted by Joseph Batten (Columbia album M 422, $6.75), and two volumes of "Patter Songs" by Nelson Eddy (Columbia albums M440 and M670, each $3.75). Pilotone has a worthy ensemble from the Radio City Music Hall under the direction of Charles Previn performing, on vinylite, a variety of popular excerpts. Nino Ventura, tenor, and Hugh Thompson, baritone, are both excellent singers in these (Pilotone album 201, $5). More "gems" are contained in a Sonora collection ($3.94).

MARIE L. MUTCH.

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Recordings *Reports on Classical Releases*

SEE PAGE 49 FOR POP REPORTS

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Berlioz: "Corsair" Overture. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor 11-9955, $1.05	A proper complement to the "Trojans" music recently reviewed, played with similar driving force, and a compelling projection of Berlioz's idiom. The magnificent climax is richly reproduced.
Cherubini: "Mamma," "Se Vuoi Goder La Vita" Beniamino Gigli, tenor. V-10-1339, 79¢	This notation is preventive, for those who might misinterpret the Cherubini involved. This is pure Neapolitan, from a Gigli film.
Franck: Symphony in D minor. Charles Münch conducting the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatory. EDA album No. 36, $9.45	An all-round superior playing of this much recorded symphony, in which FFRR plus the FFpp treatment of Münch add to a new phonographic standard for this work. Neither too "mystic" nor over-dramatic, but forceful, well-paced performance.
Hanson: Symphony No. 3 in A minor. Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony. Victor album No. 1170, $6.30	From the churning woodwinds and choral brass, one might suspect this to be a Sibelius No. 3, rather than a Hanson. For Hanson's minor poetry, the manner is rather bardic and over-blown; but it must be said that he sees it through to the end. Koussevitzky, an eminent Sibelian, is no less eminent a Hansonian. Loud recording.
Hovhaness: "Lousadzak" and "Tzaikerk." The composer conducting an orchestra. Disc album No. 876, $5.62	This new name belongs to an Armenian-descended American, who has done remarkable things with the idiom of his forefathers. Some of them are tiring to my ear, but essential stuff of an unusual musical experience is here. The recording is good in detail and clarity.
Ibert: "Escales." Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Victor album 1173, $3.15. Also on Vinylite, DV 10, $5.25	Either this is a holdover from a recording session of some time past, or Victor equipment was not functioning well when it was made. The sound is boomy and without the definition expected in current recording. The performance is lively and well paced, revealing how Ibert's once adventurous concepts have become thoroughly conventional.
Leoncavallo: "Pagliacci" Prologo. Leonard Warren, baritone, with orchestra conducted by Frieder Weissmann. Victor 11-9790, $1.05	Plainly this was the piece of music Warren was created to interpret and vice versa. He delivers it with a firm baritone rumble, complete with a high A flat. Overside is a likewise robust, and not very enlivening version of the "Barcarola" from "La Gioconda." Morel is the conductor for this, but the choral parts are poorly sung.
Prokofiev: "Classical" Symphony. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia album X-287, $3.35	Brightly polished, and little over-refined, performance alternates with a rather heavy-handed notion of the humorous intentions of the composer. Better than the Mitropoulos for Columbia, but a new Koussevitzky would surpass both. Good, sound recording.
Prokofiev: "Gavotte" and "March" Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Emanuel Bay, piano. Victor 10-1335, 79¢	Heifetz has some reputation as a tennis player, but he misses a remarkable number of points in these transcriptions. The percussive, sharp-edged pieces are not at all violinistic. Rachmaninoff's "Daisies" and "Oriental Sketches" are much more suitable.
Roussel: "Petite Suite" (op. 39) Münch conducting the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatory. EDA album 37, $5.50	Delightful stuff, which might serve as the score of a yet unchoreographed ballet. Lively and rhythmic, beautifully set for orchestra. With it is a "Pavanne" from the opus 50 of Fauré, also feelingly played, and reproduced with a splendor remarkable even for FFRR.
Schubert: "Ave Maria" and "Aufenthalt." Marion Anderson, contralto, with Franz Rupp, piano. Victor 11-9836, $1.05 Schubert: "Dem Unendlichen" and "Ständchen." Lauritz Melchior, tenor, with Ignace Strasfogel, piano. Columbia 17509, $1	An Anderson remake, and in every sense but the technical, inferior to its predecessor. The voice hasn't the ringing richness of old, and the interpretative points are made by mechanical rather than expressive means. Good recording, gritty surfaces. Impressive work by Melchior, though an unknowing listener would be curious to know who the high baritone was. The "Serenade" strains the voice less and is to that extent preferable. The piano is under-recorded.
Suk: "Quasi Ballata" and "Appassionato" (from "Four Pieces," op. 17). Ginette Neveu, violin, with Jean Neveu, piano. Victor 11-9840, $1.05	First American releases by the French violinist currently making a round of admired appearances here. Most of the substance in the material is provided by Neveu's tone, the heat by her fiery manner. Uncommonly fine recording.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D. Erica Morini, violin, and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Desiré Defauw. Victor album 1168, $5.25	Those who prefer their Tchaikovsky calm and collected should retain their Heifetz album of pre-war days. Others who do not reject assertion and incisiveness in this music are commended to Morini, whose outspoken performance is not so well-mannered as Heifetz's, but a notch or two more energetic. Occasionally Morini swoops where a slide would be sufficient, but the bite and vigor of her playing, also its accuracy, are things to treasure. Defauw is somewhat at a loss in the tuttis, but he works well with the soloist. Well-defined, sometimes edgy, recording.
Von Suppe: "Light Cavalry" Overture. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor 11-9954, $1.05	Close to the best orchestral recording yet made in Symphony Hall, with a little mellowing richness to balance the brilliance of recent releases originating there. Fiedler makes one wonder, sometimes, whether the military organization is "Light Cavalry" or "Heavy Dragoons" but the charge is well organized in either case.
Weber: "Der Freischütz" Overture. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia 12665-D, $1.25 Weber: "Oberon" overture. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor 11-9951, $1.05	Two superior examples of orchestral technique, in classic works for such exploits. Ormandy's would be headed for the highest esteem, were there not a road-block in his way labeled Toscanini. The effort is not so dynamic as Toscanini's, but the sound of a great orchestra is more richly colored than on the Victor disc. The standard Koussevitzky conception, not as romantic as some, is a wonderful show piece for the personnel. Sound reproduction. I.K.

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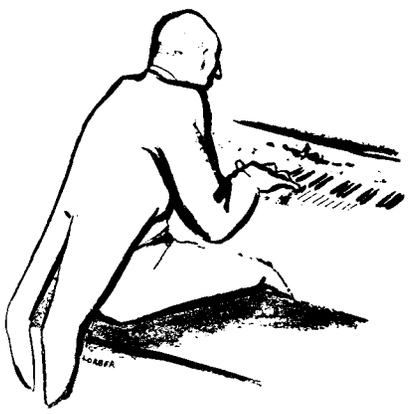
Some Highs and Lows

LET US take for granted that the primary qualifications for high-fidelity reproduction ("a high degree of naturalness, of faithfulness to the imagined original sound") have been satisfied: the acoustical conditions and microphone set up in the broadcasting or recording studio are as near perfection as possible, and the countless physical links in the chain of transmission from that point through the home machine are also ideal. Even so, there are further complications—for the end of the chain of reproduction leads to the human ear and the mind; and in the mind the objective signal received from the outside is, alas, far less important than the subjective reactions which it stirs up. Enter psychology!

It seems that people don't like "high fidelity." There have been numerous tests given recently which indicate that, given a choice between limited-range and true, undistorted, wide-range reproduction, most people immediately pick that which is the *least* faithful to the original sound. This has been used as a fine argument against constructive improvement in home phonographs as well as against the spread of FM radio, which also offers wider range, more accurate reproduction. Why should we be so incredibly perverse as to prefer the less accurate to the more accurate sound! What good is high fidelity if we prefer low?

The psychological factors here involved are worth anyone's careful inspection. Human psychology has its own laws and they are decidedly not those of common sense. In the first place we must begin with the assumption that all reproduced music is basically unnatural, unlike the original of which it is supposed to be the facsimile. It is physically unnatural to begin with, thanks to its one-eared quality [*SRL* Oct. 25] and the essentially artificial illusion of "naturalness" that we must create by clever use of microphones and acoustics. But more than that—and this few of us realize—reproduced music has come to have its own natural place in our lives, a place that is fundamentally unlike that of the same music heard in the studio or in its intended form in the public concert hall. The notes may be the same, but the function of music in the home, the surroundings, the atmosphere, even the state of mind into which it is injected, all are utterly different from the concert-hall situation. We should understand once and for good that home music must stand on its own feet, in its own way; there is no vital reason at all, in fact, why it should sound like the original! It is perfectly conceivable that most people prefer a limited tonal and volume range because it makes the music less intrusive, less demanding, less attention-compelling. True, a Beethoven symphony was intended to be overwhelmingly attention-compelling. But that is not necessarily its function in the home today. We might as well face up to it: music in the home is as often as not used for relaxation, for a background, to thought at least, if not to conversation and other activity. If a man chooses this for his use of music, who has a right to complain? A man's home is his own. It's private, not public. It seems to me that if more of us honestly faced the changed meaning of music at home without moral questionings as to how music *ought* to be heard, there would be far less confusion over high-fidelity reproduction.



The reason for the statement that high fidelity is faithfulness to the *imagined* original sound takes on added significance at this point. The original actually counts for surprisingly little in this day of electrified music. Most people have only a hazy notion of what that sound is. How can a person be expected to "prefer" high-fidelity reproduction when there is no clear basis for reference in his mind, except between that with which he is entirely familiar and another sound which to him is no more than strange and unfamiliar—therefore unnatural!

Before jumping to conclusions we should look more closely at the reproduced sounds that are the familiar ones. For twenty-odd years we have been living, day and night, with reproduced sound that is not only limited in both volume and tonal range, but is nine times out of ten highly distorted. We are entirely at home with it. It is part of our lives. We are conditioned to it and to its annoyances, too. We are astonishingly skilful at mentally filtering out unwanted elements, such as loud hissing, the familiar AC hum (B natural on the piano), bursts of assorted static, rhythmical clicks from clipped records, even direct interference of music and voices in radio. All of this we can ignore.

SINCE we are human then, since as an average we will predictably prefer the familiar, it is clearly going to take a large accumulation of *repeated* experience with the new — with wide-range reproduction, for instance —before we can hear for ourselves that the new is in fact an improvement over the old.

There is still another fillip to be added to our psychological perversity, the power of association. It has cost us much to reach that blissful state in which we are able to enjoy reproduced sound in the inadequate form we usually hear it. We have suffered pain, thanks to a quarter century of squealing distortion. We leap for the blessed tone control—which cuts out both distortion and legitimate high tones—in an almost instinctive manner. Our reaction to any higher tones issuing from a loudspeaker is powerfully conditioned. So much so that, as the psychologist will understand, we automatically wince *even when we hear correct, undistorted tones.* This seems to me a prime reason, to add to the others, for the summary rejection of "high fidelity" by those who have casually taken the various listener tests (and by those who sample good FM radio for the first time.) The same is true of high volume—people wince at the power of a really fine fifteen-inch speaker, because to them loudness, too, means distortion and pain in the hearing. Again, only extended experience allows us to live down that painful, conditioned reaction to the point where we can judge objectively. I've been through this phase myself as doubtless have many readers. The high-pitched distortion of bad needles was particularly irritating and for years I used thorn needles, thereby, characteristically, eliminating both music and distortion.

There will be no doubt in your mind —once you have had extended access to it—that undistorted wide-range reproduction is, on its own merits, immensely preferable to the familiar sounds you have always known. And this entirely aside from the question of faithfulness to the much disputed original, which so few of us ever hear.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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SCRATCHING *the* SURFACE

HOLLYWOOD.

BY ANY estimate, the No. 1 composer in these parts is Igor Stravinsky, which means that any new news about him takes precedence over other things. Albert Goldberg, of the *Los Angeles Times*, reported it first: "it" being that Stravinsky is contemplating an opera for the first time in a good many years. Aside from the subject, which Mr. Goldberg reports as "The Rake's Progress"—the famous series of Hogarth engravings — the project has some tantalizing aspects: the text is by W. H. Auden, and Stravinsky will set it for a production in English, using a chamber orchestra of about thirty-five. Covent Garden is rumored for the first performance (which is not likely to occur for two years). It could be that such a work as this, along with the Benjamin Britten "Rape of Lucrece" (which also uses a small orchestra) could be the nucleus of a new kind of operatic organization.

* * *

Something more immediate, also involving a prominent contemporary composer was the recent staging by Pelican Productions of Federico Garcia Lorca's "The House of Bernarda Alba," with music by Darius Milhaud. A grim, Freudian tale of frustration in a household of women all forced to bend to the will of a bereaved matriarch, the Lorca drama is conceived along the lines of classic Greek drama, in which Milhaud has some past repute ("Orestie" and the "Operas-Minutes"). When director Vladimir Sokoloff decided that a score would be helpful to the production, Milhaud had left these parts and returned to his home in France. However, the composer was thoroughly familiar with the drama, and wrote a score for it which reached Sokoloff in ample time for the local production. By an almost heroic display of will, Milhaud refrained from using castanets to evoke a Spanish atmosphere, restricting himself to flute, oboe, bassoon, and percussion. We hear the Theatre Guild has more than a mild interest in the play and the score.

* * *

Castanets are sure to have a prominent place in the production which Columbia Studios have announced for Rita Hayworth, to be entitled "Loves of Carmen." I suppose if Bizet's score were restricted, like Puccini's, they would pay a fabulous sum to use it. However, since it is now in the public domain, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco has been commissioned to do a new one. Who knows —the opening might not be in Seville at all, but in Alfred Dunhill's exclusive shop on Fifth Avenue, where Miss Hayworth is a salesgirl, with everything told in a flashback.

* * *

The turntables at Alco are spinning incessantly these days with some undertakings that have to be finished by the first of the year, or else. Ernst Toch, whose "Chinese Flute" has had considerable success in an Alco recording, is being favored further with a recording of his "Bunte Suite," which dates from 1929. A series of short, humorous pieces, it has been widely played, and well liked. Then there is his piano quintet, which the composer has recorded himself with the American String Quartet; an album of piano pieces, also self-recorded, and the "Music for Woodwinds and Brass," opus 39. Non-Tochiana planned by Alco include Hanns Eisler's "Children's Suite," a quartet for woodwinds by Jacques Ibert, some Stravinsky songs to be performed by Vera Bryner, and several Beethoven trios with the Compinsky ensemble.

The Paganini Quartet, whose RCA recordings of the three Rasoumovsky Quartets of Beethoven appeared recently, are enthusiastic air travelers, using planes whenever possible on their concert tours. Robert Maas, cellist of the organization was honored recently by the presentation of a special pass from TWA—and a dog leash. The pass permits him to retain his instrument on the seat beside him, and the dog leash was a re-reminder to keep it battened down while the plane was in flight.

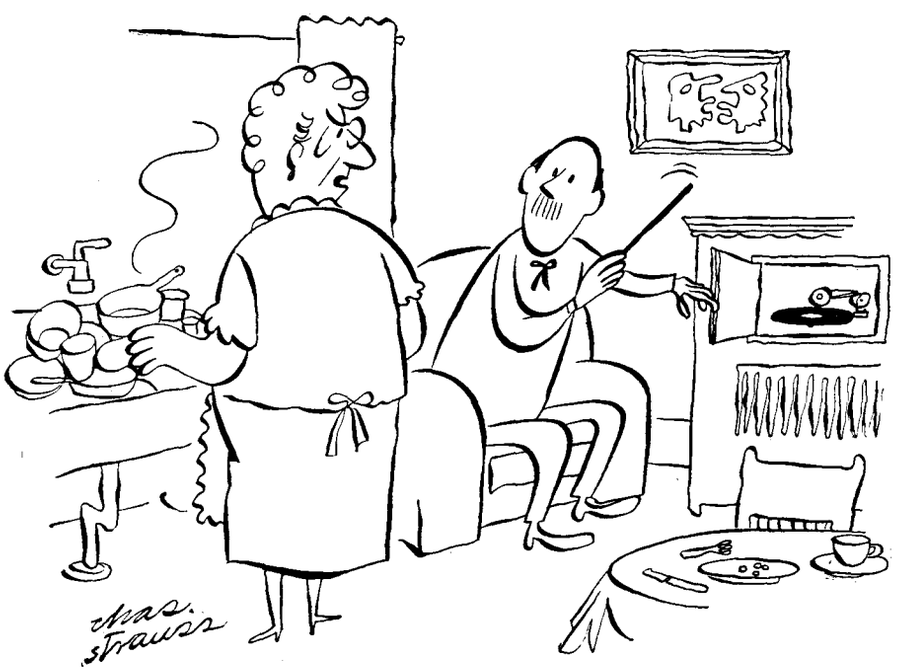
* * *

If the new recording by Disc of Haydn's "Horn Signal" symphony doesn't have first-class horn playing, it won't be the fault of Jacques Rachmilovich who conducts the Santa Monica Symphony in this work. The famous passages for four horns are played by William Hinshaw, Vincent de Rubertis, Sinclair Latt, and Jack Cave—all first horn players at different motion picture studios.

* * *

An organization which nobody has yet offered to record but which goes about its "irregular" concerts with dogged regularity is one called, simply, "The Sinfonietta." Ben Hecht, Jack Benny, and Harry Kurnitz are the violins; George Antheil and Sylvia Kaye alternate at piano; and because Harpo Marx seems determined to become known as Clarinetto Marx, Benny Goodman plays saxophone. The repertoire of the "Sinfonietta" consists mostly of marches and waltzes which, according to objective critic and third-violinist Kurnitz, they play in a manner best described as "monstrous." The pieces, of necessity limited, are played over and over again until Messrs. Goodman and Antheil rush from the room in despair.

LEONARD HOFFMAN.



"Stokowski doesn't need your help, Vladimir, but *I* do."

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THE JAZZ BEAT

THE PICARESQUE LEDBETTER

IF IT were possible to chart the history of the blues, one of the indices would have to be Huddie Ledbetter, quite probably the greatest living American folk singer. Better known by his nickname Leadbelly, he is recognized and respected from the dingy little honky-tonks of the Deep South to the auditoriums of the Yankee universities, even the polite confines of New York's Town Hall.

When he sings about "Fannin Street," a redlight sector of a Southern city, he conveys the exultation of a young blade out on his first spree—and even in song he pays mock homage (a deference necessary to the Southern Negro) to the fact that it is "Mr. Tom Hughes town." Hughes is, of course, the sheriff—the supreme potentate who literally rides herd on the Negroes. When he shouts the words to "Line 'Em," punctuated by the grunts evoked by swinging a sledge or hoisting a cross-tie, you can see the sweat-sleek chain-gang.

A wandering minstrel in every sense of the phrase, he has amassed an incredible repertoire of folk songs of all types. In the penitentiaries of Louisiana and Texas, where he served time for murder and assault, he learned the *hollers* and laments, the crude, rhythmic work songs that shortened the inhumanly long prison days. From the rowdy barrel-houses and red-light areas he learned the blues both ribald and plaintive. Whether it be a cowboy lament or a spiritual, he renders it with an incomparably honest touch. And, irrepressible artist that he is, all the songs are inevitably altered by his own personality.

Disc Records has practically cornered the Leadbelly market lately with four albums containing his music. The best one by which to make Huddie's acquaintance is the "Negro Folk Songs" (Disc Album 660, $5.25) because it is a sampler containing songs in most of his categories. Unfortunately, the recording is far from the best and Ledbetter has never been a contender for the national good-diction award. It may take a little time to comprehend his patois but it is rewarding work. You will be treating yourself to one of the greatest personalities ever to make records.

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC: *After You've Gone, Parts I and II.* (Disc 5100, 79¢.)

One of the rare thrills in jazz is to find a group of first-rate musicians in the mood for a cutting bout — with each succeeding soloist fighting to top those who played before. Such a highly-wrought communication is this recent disc with Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and Willie Smith agitating their reeds in some of the most exciting saxophone work in recent months. In Young's stunning, racing chorus, in particular, there is a rare moment of rapport between artist and recipient.

NEW SOUNDS IN MODERN MUSIC. (Savoy Album, $4.10.)

A compendium of bebop which includes practically every major practitioner extant. It is a worth-while addition to a library for reference

purposes if nothing else; while not one of the eight sides is a classic in its own right, the volume makes one more aware than ever of the considerable change that jazz is undergoing. Notable side: "Chasing the Bird," with Charlie Parker's alto saxophone and Miles Davis's trumpet working contrapuntally rather than in the usual unison riff which is one of the prosaicisms of this music. Sincere interpretations such as these deserve a better album cover, and program notes more thorough, less pompous.

GEORGE BRUNIS: *King of Tailgate Trombone.* (Commodore Album CR-13, $3.94.)

Although some may question the wisdom of dubbing him king, Brunis is certainly one of the better jazzmen around. Already famous for being able to play a trombone lying flat on his back (with someone sitting on his stomach), Brunis adds to his vocal attainments with five gladsome renditions ranging from "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" to a wonderful original "D.D.T. Blues." Adding to the general gaiety is the leader's authentic New Orleans enunciation, instrumentally assisted by Max Kaminsky and Joe Bushkin.

STAN KENTON: *Unison Riff; I Told Ya I Love Ya, Now Get Out.* (Capitol 15018, 79c.)

Whether you are for or against Kenton's music, it is to be recorded that he is a sincere musician who knows where he is going. "Unison Riff" is another step along the route and he has picked up a bongo drum and an alto sax, Art Pepper, who is operating under the mesmerization of Charlie Parker — a fact to be commended.

DUKE ELLINGTON: *Put Yourself in My Place, Baby; The Wildest Gal in Town.* (Columbia 37957, 79c.)

Columbia and Duke should be as red as the record label over this pair. Everyone concerned will wink, and say you've got to do *some* commercial things with Ellington after all. It is not even commercial. It is an inauspicious return to a company where he spent so many prolific years—a sort of thing that will hurt even so great a reputation as his.

BILLIE HOLIDAY: *I Love My Man; On the Sunny Side of the Street.* (Commodore 614, $1.05.)

If Billie Holiday ever made a really bad record, it has never been made public, so far as I know. In two numbers which now rate as standards with her, Billie contrives to keep her interpretive 'scutcheon spotless; the first tune is a salty, clever blues; the reverse permits Miss Holiday to cut herself in for at least half-interest in a song that used to be the personal property of Johnny Hodges and Lionel Hampton.

GILBERT MCKEAN.

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HITS AND MISSES

IN THIS existential period there is, I should suppose, some genuine benefit to be derived from sheer corn. Surely the nervous system will profit from music that is simple and sentimental and very mildly ironic. To illustrate, there is a casual voice from the past, that of Ben Bernie, who, with All the Lads, appears in a revival of his radio theme song "Au Revoir, Pleasant Dreams" (Decca 25282, 79¢). This work, of no conceivable musical or any other heft, seemed rather touching to me as winter drew on, but the reader should know also that this department is a shameless partisan of light vaudeville.

Years ago the diminutive Hoagy Carmichael, who wrote "Star Dust," failed to impress very much as a vocalist with Paul Whiteman, despite the presence with him of the cornetist L. Bismark Beiderbecke. Today's culture being more alert, Hoagy's vocal virtues are widely recognized; he has a typically nasal, easy, and charming rendition of "A Tune for Humming" (Decca 24247, 79¢), a plain little ditty which I thought a little too plain for interest until I heard him sing it. He is so drolly, so indestructibly musical that he might even redeem "Volga Boat Song."

Small, ingenious instrumental combinations playing a kind of salon swing have been common ever since the early days of Raymond Scott. Usually their debuts are bright and novel enough, after which they proceed to become mechanical, repetitious, even spinterish. One hopes nothing of the kind will happen to Alvy West and the Little Band, a California group whose recording debut is an album of "originals" (Columbia album 152, $3.75). The players — alto sax, trumpet, accordion, drums, guitar, and string bass — are not only musically deft, but performers of unusual warmth, piquancy, and consistency of style. The combination's most conspicuous lack is notable melody. If West, who has been its composer - arranger - leader, should dip into the great treasure box of popular tunes, his band might become one of the most delightful miniature groups on record.

Revivals of the month include a highly useful edition of one of Gershwin's beauties: "I've Got a Crush on You," this time done with jaunty sorcery by Mary Martin (Decca 24227, 79¢); Eddy Howard does fine things by the grand old "Love Tales" (Majestic 1178, 79¢). This reporter knows nothing of Howard other than his voice, having no notion where he rates in the kind of special magnetism exerted by Crosby and Sinatra. But, like them, Howard really sings his songs, rather than trying to make a musical pass on wax. It is by no means difficult to sound tumescent in front of a microphone, but a good many of the phonograph audience will wish you had kept the matter private. Years of musical experience have demonstrated that the way to create a durable voluptuous effect is to sing impersonally, with sweep and style, and let the listener supply his own imagery.

A SCORE well-seasoned with revivable numbers is the late-Twenties's "Good News," of which a Hollywood-inspired album of the De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson tunes is now at hand (MGM 17, $3.94). It includes such numbers, played and sung with spirit, as "Lucky in Love," "The Best Things in Life Are Free," "The Varsity Drag," and "Just Imagine." The last-named, which is this department's favorite, is sung in a properly lazy style by June Allyson, whose voice strongly resembles Margaret Whiting's, including that pleasing hint of tomboy vigor which, while it is no salvo from Ethel Merman, is more fitting for material sentimental rather than Mermanish.

A highly informative article on rhumba in a neighboring page of this journal two months ago ("What Makes Rhumba?," by William Gottlieb, October 25 RECORDINGS) observed that the favorite rhumba band of the Latin-American population of New York is Machito's. This group may be heard at work in a new album (Decca 595, $3.94) in numbers notable for their robust and fascinating Cuban battery and the soaring solo trumpet passages of Mario Bauza. Christmas with Machito would scarcely recall the fragrances of Charles Dickens, but the Cuban singer and bandleader would be a very fit companion for a proper New Year's Eve. He manages to suggest that there is nothing more important in the world than the projection of powerful Caribbean rhythms, and that the rest of the world had better find it out. This page endorses the attitude and trusts that it will become general during 1948.

WILDER HOBSON.

LE JAZZ LUKEWARM

(*Continued from page* 40)

try to do too much and too fast.

What strikes me in the "modern" style of jazz is that it is usually better played by those who more or less originated it. Take the case of Coleman Hawkins or Lester Young, undoubtedly the two tenor sax men who, for at least eight years, have had the greatest influence on the other saxophonists: they still have a mastership in developing ideas (often very close to what is called bebop) that younger tenor players are more or less lacking. However, tenor sax is really the star instrument of present-day jazz, as far as solo work is concerned. There are more talented players on this instrument than on any other: Illinois Jacquet, Don Byas, Ben Webster, Lucky Thompson, Bud Johnson, Buddy Tate, Arnett Cobb, Al Sears—it is even impossible to mention them all. But it would be hard to find a record by any of these musicians which ranks with the many masterpieces that Coleman Hawkins has recorded between 1943 and now, such as "Yesterdays," "Rainbow Mist" (on Apollo), "On the Sunny Side of the Street" (Savoy), "The Man I Love," "How Deep Is the Ocean" (Signature), "You Go to My Head" (Senora). Of all jazz soloists, Coleman Hawkins seems to me the one who has given us the largest number of great records during the past few years.

To conclude, it would be very hard to say if jazz music is better today or worse than it was. In jazz music, conception and execution are deeply connected. If jazz of the previous days has proved itself as being of a very high standard, it is mostly because the musicians who performed it and still perform it have completely matured, are in full control and possession of their talents—or genius—while the newcomers, being younger, have probably not given yet their full measure and capacities. Being a Frenchman, I compare this with wine: we French, when we want to drink a bottle of old wine, let it rest a while so that the dirt remains at the bottom or, if it is new wine, we let it become mature before we drink it with full enjoyment.

Hugues Panassié is the author of "Le Jazz Hot" and "The Real Jazz," two of Europe's most important contributions to America's understanding of its folk art.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Burrows, Abe: "The Girl with the Three Blues Eyes," Decca album A-607, $3.90	Radio's funniest monologist has cut six satirical sides, and also cut the legs from under the lugubrious French cabaret tenor, the phoney baritone, and Tin Pan Alley generally. Life-sized entertainment whether you revere any of the foregoing or not.
Charioteers, The: "Sweet Lorraine," "If I Could Be with You," etc., Columbia album 156, $3.75	Figaro would be out of place in the kind of barber shop singing practised by the Charioteers; it is here raised to a level of high art by one of the most refined—vs. folk-song-style—colored quartets in existence. In addition to the items noted they offer "I'm in the Mood for Love," "Sleepy Time Gal," "My Fate is in Your Hands," etc.
Dorsey, Tommy: "The Whistler's Song," "I Met My Baby in Macy's," Victor 20-2522, 63¢	Two engaging items vocalized by Gordon Polk, the second being inflation's answer to "I Met a Millon Dollar Baby in the Five and Ten Cent Store." No matter how much TD changes the personnel of his band, it still comes out in the hyperpercussive Dorsey style.
Horne, Lena: "I Feel So Smoochie," "Take Love Easy," MGM 10108, 63¢	A mellowsyllabic chanteuse, Horne bids fair (she could hardly bid otherwise) to make "smoochie" a word for everyday use. Good listening.
MacRae, Gordon: "I Surrender, Dear," "At the Candlelight Cafe," Capitol 15014, 79¢	MacRae is a singer with a voice, something of an oddity in current pop. vocalizing; sounding, in all, like a Buddy Clarke with music lessons. The first is a robust reading of the old standard, the second this year's version of "Gypsy Tearoom." Better than average recording.
McIntyre, Hal: "It Happened in Hawaii," "Donkey Serenade," MGM 10102, 63¢	History even affects popular music, for the first of these was about to be launched in December 1941, when Hawaii became something other than a romantic playground. None but its authors would miss it, even now. The "Serenade" is a bit of Shavian fantasy (Artie, not G.B.) which would be better for more of McIntyre's fluid saxophone.
McKinley, Ray: "Your Red Wagon," "A Man's Best Friend Is a Bed," Majestic 7275, 79¢	Better than average for a big band by current standards, but not nearly so good as this band can do. McKinley sounds a little tired of it all—and not because of the lazy style he affects.
Morales, Noro: "Montuno in G," "Junglero," Majestic 1192, 79¢	Brilliant business in the Carib manner by Morales, a facile, energetic pianist and a quintet mostly rhythmic. The "Montuno" is the more original of the two, building something of a real atmosphere with its repeated figures.
Murphy Sisters: "Don't Eat Me," "Girls, If You Ever Get Married," Apollo 1080, 79¢	These ragtime sisters would seem, on the first side, to be combining—lightly enough—the spirits of Krafft-Ebing and B. F. Keith. The second title speaks for itself, as a species of advice to the love-worn.
Russell, Jane: "Let's Put Out the Lights," "Do It Again," etc. Columbia album C 157, $3.75	The wonder is not that Miss Russell has as little voice as this album offers, but that she has any at all; for the pin-up cover-art, involving negligee and divan, suggests that anything verging on musical effort is purely coincidental. One can understand a lesser company scrounging for shekels in this manner, but it does seem *infra dig*, for Columbia to purvey such matters as "Love for Sale," "Two Sleepy People," and "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Bed" ("Sleep" is their nice-nelliesm, with a male voice saying, "You don't mean you're tired?" in the background). Every so often the accompanying band directed by Lou Bring (you can bring Jane, but don't bring Bring) remembers to play a sharp bar or two, but it is all on a depressing Winsorish level, through amber-tinted glasses.
Shore, Dinah: "The Best Things in Life Are Free," "At a Candlelight Cafe," Columbia 37984, 75¢	Shore delivers the admirable philosophy of this "Good News" tune in a rather pensive mood, until the Four Hits remind her that this is 1947, and philosophy must be jived. Sonny Burke and his background band are capable of better.
Smith, Kate: "It Had To Be You," "I'm Dancing with Tears in My Eyes," MGM 10113, 63¢	Stately renditions of material usually considered in the light category. Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini may have sung something more pompously, but one can't remember what.
Wiley, Lee: Songs by Harold Arlen, Schirmer album 18, $4.99	The reasonable idea of bringing together such fine Arlen songs as "You Said It" and "Down with Love," as well as the better known "Stormy Weather," "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea," etc. is defeated by some lax work by the accompanying group—though it includes the fine Condonites—(Kaminsky, Hackett, Bowman, MacGarrity, Haggart, etc.)—and by poor recording. Wiley is consistently excellent, but the gritty surfaces are all against her.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Up with Gray!

SIR: Having sought for many years the "Chants d'Auvergne," I am pleased no end with your campaign for reissue. By all means, please—if it will do any good—count me in on an order for it. It is one of the things one recalls with pleasure when everything else in one's collection seems faded.

ROBERT E. WOLF.

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: I would like to order Mme. Gray's recording of the Canteloube songs.

JULIUS ALTMAN.

Cincinnati, O.

SIR: Please add my name to the thousands of requests I hope you get for a reissue of Columbia's "Chants d'Auvergne" with Madeleine Gray.

FRANCIS V. SCOTT.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: I've been looking for Madeleine Gray's records of the "Chants d'Auvergne" during the last three years in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Connecticut without any hope of success. The record numbers are 7238, 7249, 7262, and 4194. If you can do something with Columbia, it will be appreciated by all collectors.

A. Tolem.

Woodside, N. Y.

SIR: In the November issue, you state that you would take orders for delivery to Columbia for Canteloube's "Chants d'Auvergne" sung by Madeleine Gray. I was fortunate to have chanced on a set of re-recordings in New York, but these are past playing any more. I have despaired of ever replacing those records until now. Please put me down for two albums or suggest how one may order directly.

WALTER C. GOODMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: May I add my voice to those already crying for a reissue of the "Chants d'Auvergne" by Madeleine Gray.

LEO R. BOUTIN.

Warren, R. I.

SIR: The real cause of this letter is the request of Adeleine Naiman concerning Mme. Gray's recording of the "Chant's d'Auvergne." You may enter my order when they appear.

NATHAN HALE.

Cleveland, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To these and the many others who value one of the treasurable performances of the recorded literature: There are matrixes in existence from which, I believe, the Gray performances could be pressed at will. The next move is Columbia's.*

Complaint from "Classic"

SIR: Your magazine listed "Olympia, The Mechanical Doll" under the serial number YPOH-3. This is incorrect. . . . The retail price is not $3.05, but $2.89. . . . The records are unbreakable. . . . "Olympia, The Mechanical Doll" is a story with incidental music and new lyrics for children . . . it is not opera.

CLASSIC RECORD CO.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The entry for "Olympia, the Mechanical Doll" is amended as noted above. Since it does utilize part of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman" the previous description "Music of the opera presented on a very low level" is still pertinent.*

TIME TO TAKE STOCK

(*Continued from page* 35)

stance of this complaint is that the phonograph companies, for all their power and resources, are too often content to follow than to lead.

As in 1946, record production in 1947 was spiced in the major diet, by activities of the minor firms. Disc has preserved a reputation for enterprise with its Hovhaness and Cage music, its ethnological series, its fine range of children's records; Keynote's good start with Stravinsky, Vivaldi, and Mozart has not yielded all that it promised, but the Ultraphone catalogue it now owns has treasures to yield; Werner Janssen's "Wozzeck" excerpts were welcome, as were the interesting efforts of Rachmilovich, the good choices of ALCO. The general subject of children's records—a specialty in itself—is discussed by Maria Cimino elsewhere.

The ensuing holiday for strings, woodwinds, and everybody else, then, may be a proper occasion for stock-taking, for appraisal of past repertory procedures, for considerations of new ways to estimate public demand. There were some indications during the past year that the barrier against importation of recordings from foreign affiliates was being slightly relaxed—Columbia had its "Messiah" and "Elijah," of course, plus a batch of miscellaneous items including the "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra" of Benjamin Britten. Victor appears to consider Sir Thomas Beecham something of a resident alien, or an alien resident, making available, in fairly regular sequence, his work abroad. Given a little time for reconsideration, the domestic lists could be thinned, some closer liaison with foreign enterprise maintained. The technical progress contributed by English Decca's Full Frequency Range Recording has obviously caused some agitation in high places, with salutary effects on the newest work being done in this country.

The effort of the major companies to hold the price line to pre-war levels has been a gratifying proof that records command a wide and continuing popularity; the defections, such as Columbia's twenty-five per cent increase (reduced somewhat by absorption of Federal excise tax) and Victor's increase of its album prices, have been moderate compared to increases in commodity prices in other fields, ranging to fifty or sixty per cent over those of 1941. Per dollar spent, however, the record buyer got more for his money in 1947 than he might have in virtually any other market. May he fare as well in '48.

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BOSTON				
(*Boston Music Co.*)	Near You (B)	Oklahoma! (D)	Polonaise (V)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (V)
(*Mosher Music Co.*)	I'll Dance at Your Wedding (C)	Allegro (V)	Blue Bird (V)	Beethoven Eroica (V)
CHICAGO				
(*Hudson-Ross, Inc.*)	Ballerina (V)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Jalousie (V)	Rhapsody in Blue (C)
(*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Too Fat Polka (C)	Crosby Christmas Album (D)	Ave Maria (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
CINCINNATI				
(*Steinberg's*)	Near You (B)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Meistersinger Quintet (V)	Berlioz Romeo and Juliet (V)
COLUMBUS, O.				
(*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Near You (V)	Como Christmas Album (V)	Clair de Lune (V)	Nutcracker Suite (V)
DALLAS				
(*The Record Shop*)	Near You (B)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Polonaise (V)	Carmen (V)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	You Do (C)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Clair de Lune (V)	Liszt (V) Concerto No. 1
DETROIT				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	I Wish I Didn't Love You So (D)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Malaguena (C)	Gaite Parisienne (V)
HOUSTON				
(*The Record Shop*)	So Far (C)	Jolson Album II (D)	Jalousie (V)	Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 5 (C)
KANSAS CITY, MO.				
(*Jenkins Music Co.*)	White Christmas (D)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Polonaise (V)	Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto (V)
LOS ANGELES				
(*Birkel-Richardson Co.*)	Whiffenpoof Song (D)	Glenn Miller (V)	Thais Duet (V)	Gaite Parisienne (V)
MEMPHIS				
(*Gage-Yarbrough Co.*)	Hurry on Down (Cap)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Mefistofele (V)	Young Person's Guide (C)
(*Words & Music*)	Near You (B)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Blue Danube (V)	Christmas Hymns and Carols (V)
MINNEAPOLIS				
(*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	Too Fat Polka (C)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Donkey Serenade (Jones-V)	Nutcracker Suite (V)
NASHVILLE				
(*MU Sound System*)	Near You (B)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Ave Maria (V)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (V)
NEW ORLEANS				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Whiffenpoof Song (D)	Dorothy Shay II (C)	Malaguena (C)	B minor Mass (V)
NEW YORK				
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Ballerina (V)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Jalousie (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Too Fat Polka (C)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(*Haynes-Griffin*)	Golden Earrings (Cap)	Duchin-Tchaikovsky (C)	Prize Song (V)	Berlioz Romeo and Juliet (V)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Too Fat Polka (C)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Nutcracker Suite (V)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Near You (B)	High Button Shoes (V)	Jalousie (V)	Grieg Piano Concerto (V)
(*Rabsons, Inc.*)	Golden Earrings (Cap)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Preludio a Christobal Colon (C)	Berlioz Romeo and Juliet (V)
OMAHA				
(*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Near You (B)	Carle Comes Calling (C)	Ave Maria (V)	Nutcracker Suite (V)
PHILADELPHIA				
(*Jacobs Bros.*)	Ain't She Pretty? (M)	High Button Shoes (V)	Toccato and Fugue (V)	Schumann Piano Concerto (V)
(*The Record Shop*)	Near You (B)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Zapataedo (V)	Prokofiev Classical Symphony (V)
PITTSBURGH				
(*National Record Mart*)	Ballerina (V)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Polonaise (V)	Strauss Waltzes (C)
PORTLAND, ORE.				
(*The Record Shop*)	Civilization (D)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gaite Parisienne (V)
ROCHESTER, N. Y.				
(*Esler's*)	Too Fat Polka (C)	Crosby Christmas (D)	2nd Hungarian Rhapsody (V)	Mozart Horn Concerto (C)
ST. LOUIS				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	So Far (V)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Jalousie (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)

Key: B—Bullet C—Columbia Cap.—Capitol D—Decca M—Musicraft V—Victor

Leaders: Though "Near You" has given ground to other enthusiasms, it remains the most widely noted best seller, reported by nine shops. The combination of Christmas and Bing Crosby is irresistible, as the nomination of his "Merry Christmas" album by sixteen outlets indicates. Favor is fairly widespread in the field of single and classical records, with the Victor "Jalousie" selling best in five stores, the Chopin "Polonaise" in four. Khatchaturian's "Gayne" continues to be the front-runner among classical albums, reported by four stores, with the newly issued "Romeo and Juliet" of Berlioz a favorite in Cincinnati and two New York shops.

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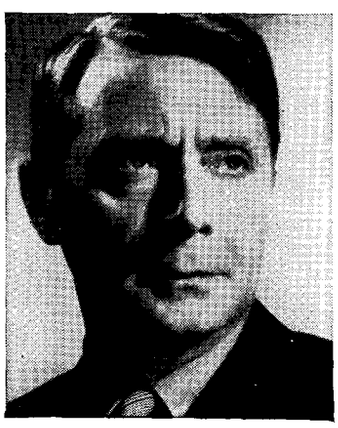

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